

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

No. 328.]

NEW YORK, JULY 3, 1875.

[VOL. XIV.

CAOUTCHOUC AND ITS GATHERERS.

I.

IN 1770, the celebrated Dr. Priestley, in a note embodied in a second edition of one of his scientific works, wrote: "Since this work was printed off, I have seen a substance (nameless) excellently adapted to the purpose

three shillings, and says it will last several years."

In this humble and limited fashion was introduced to the English-speaking world a material which has since become one of the

modern ingenuity has utilized the most valuable of tropical gums ranges from the huge belts which drive trip-hammers and rolling-mills, to the most delicate and fantastic children's toys; from surgical and scientific in-



HUT OF AN INDIA-RUBBER COLLECTOR.

of wiping from paper the marks of a black-lead pencil. It must, therefore, be of excellent use to those engaged in drawing. It is sold by Mr. Mairne, mathematical-instrument maker, opposite the Royal Exchange. He sells a cubical piece of about half an inch for

important necessities of civilization; which science has transformed into numerous articles of both use and luxury, and the preparation of which in manifold ways puts bread in the mouths of thousands of mechanics and their families. The variety of shapes in which

struments to indispensable articles of clothing; from railway-carriage springs to articles of the toilet. To realize the importance of India-rubber the reader need only step into one of the shops on Broadway exclusively devoted to its varied manufactured forms,

or into one of the many factories in the outskirts of New York, crowded with complicated and ponderous machinery for its preparation. Of all the resins so abundantly yielded by the sombre and luxuriant forests of the tropics, caoutchouc is by far the most important. There is no substance which could take its place. It may be bent in all directions and stretched to a remarkable extent, and yet return to its primitive form when the force is removed. It accommodates itself to every variety of surface. It resists all the changes of atmospheric heat and cold. It may be divided in thin sheets, and subdivided again into elastic bands. Its elasticity can be taken away and restored at pleasure. It can be cut and moulded into a thousand different fashions according to the caprices of taste or the devices of invention. And there is no waste, for the shreds and fragments can be reunited in a uniformly solid piece.

Allied to caoutchouc, or the raw material of India-rubber, is gutta-percha, a gum almost identical in many respects, yet radically different in certain important particulars. Of the latter we shall speak further on, its limited supply making it a substance of far less commercial importance, though it answers admirably as a substitute in many directions, and has some important uses for which India-rubber is not adapted. Different societies of arts have attempted to stimulate the discovery of new fields of supply by offering great rewards, but with very little success. The world still has to depend on caoutchouc, the native forests of which seem to be almost inexhaustible.

Of the various interesting processes of manufacturing India-rubber, of the scientific ingenuity gradually brought to bear on the perfecting of its manipulation, which has taken form in some of the most valuable patents ever granted in England and America, we do not intend here to treat. We are at present mainly concerned in the primitive stages of its production.

Caoutchouc, ordinarily known as India-rubber, or gum-elastic, is a substance, *sui generis*, found in the milky juices of a great variety of tropical trees, the most remarkable being the *Siphonia elastica*, or *cachucu*, native to Brazil and Central America; the *Urceola elastica*, found in the islands of the Indian Archipelago; and the *Ficus elastica* of Assam and some other parts of the East Indies. Several well-known European and American shrubs also have it in their juices, but so inferior in quality and quantity as to make the parent trees worthless for commercial uses. Of all these trees and plants, that of Brazil is beyond computation the most important, though a very considerable quantity of India-rubber is exported from the East Indies, inferior, however, in quality to the Brazilian product.

India-rubber commenced to excite curiosity in Europe about the year 1700 as a substance of strange properties, which belonged to no other known material. Its first introduction was probably through the Portuguese, who had brought it from Brazil. These, however, must have been very reticent as to its nature, for there were many disputes

among scientific men as to whether it was of vegetable or mineral character. The latter hypothesis had some coloring of truth in the fact that a bituminous product, not uncommon in coal-mines, possessed some of its attributes. This crude, impure variety of bitumen, first discovered on the shores of the naphthalen-lakes of the East, is now known as mineral caoutchouc.

It is rather singular that, though the Brazilian caoutchouc was the earliest introduced to European attention, the first intelligent account of it was communicated to the French Academy of Sciences in 1736, by M. Condamine, a man of scientific acquirements and habits of observation, who had spent many years in the East Indies, where he had seen the process of "milking" the *Ficus elastica*. The memoir presented by M. Condamine was quite curious in the prophecies he ventured as to the future value of the strange gum, many of his conjectures having been almost exactly verified by the applications of modern ingenuity. The speculations of the wise Frenchman, however, were treated as absurd fancies by the greatest scientific body of Europe.

As the opening paragraph of this paper indicates, India-rubber about the time of the commencement of our Revolutionary War was only known as a curious substance which had the property of erasing pencil-marks. As such it continued to be known till the growth of commercial relations with Brazil introduced to the markets of Europe and America the Pará overshoes, the rude manufactures of Brazilian Indians of the Amazon and Madeira Rivers. Since that time the development of the possibilities of India-rubber has been rapid to a degree almost unparalleled in the mechanic arts, romantically strange as have been many of the outgrowths of scientific ingenuity during these latter days of feverish mental activity.

The *Ficus elastica*, which furnishes a considerable quantity of the caoutchouc of commerce, is a cousin of the sacred Banian-tree of the Hindoos, and grows with remarkable rapidity. It has large, thick, shining, pointed leaves, much like those of its Brazilian congener in color, texture, and general character, except that the latter are longer in their shape. It also produces a fruit about the size and shape of the olive, thought not edible. The tree is found either solitary or in two or three fold groups, and is recognized from afar by the picturesque appearance of its dense and leafy crown, waving its fan-like plumes at a distance of from seventy-five to one hundred feet from the ground. Many of these superb vegetable giants have been found shading a diameter of six hundred feet, some of them growing on mountain-slopes twenty-two thousand feet above the sea-level. The other Indian variety of the caoutchouc-tree, the *Urceola elastica*, produces kidney-shaped seeds in a tawny pulp, to which the natives become much attached as a delicious and refreshing fruit.

A large and steadily-growing business is transacted in India and its adjacent islands in the preparation of caoutchouc for export. But unless some chemical combination is found to rectify the natural inferiority of the

gum, it can scarcely rival the South American article. Some attempt to naturalize the Brazilian tree in the East-Indian countries has been made without success, as the *Siphonia elastica* seems to need the periodical overflow of the river-floods to thrive with any luxuriance. In spite of the more systematic effort in the East Indies, directed by scientific effort and cultivation to enhance the value of the caoutchouc-supply from that quarter, it would seem that the world must still look to the tropical regions of South America for its main dependence. Here the natural growth of the rubber-forests is almost boundless, and, aside from the still untouched wealth of Brazil, it seems likely that other parts of the continent will be utilized for the same purpose, should there ever be need, as the *Siphonia elastica* has recently been found in great abundance in hitherto unsuspected regions.

In taking a glance at the labors of the caoutchouc-gatherer, let us therefore turn to the gorgeous tropical valleys, on which scientists and travelers, from the days of Humboldt to Agassiz, have lavished their ardent admiration.

The landscape in the valleys of the great Brazilian rivers, such as the Amazon, Madeira, Rio Negro, etc., has that character of monotonous grandeur peculiar to the alluvial regions of the tropics. In the immediate vicinity of the river, the soil being the newest deposit called *gapô*, the vegetation rarely shows the splendid forms of the virgin forest. The big trunk of the bombacea, or the slender white stem of the cecropia, the luxurious fronds of the crown perhaps tangled with the rich blossoms of the widely-known orchid, the vanilla, is only occasionally seen. But a few miles back from the river commences the grand forest, full of sombre but splendid beauty, and alive with every variety of animal, bird, and insect. An intricate tangle of blooming shrubs and creepers, glowing with rich color, makes a network across the path of the traveler, or coils its graceful curves about the trunks and limbs of the gigantic trees, through which glints of sunlight break, intensifying the bright hues of the innumerable flowery plants. Anon the explorer will emerge from the luxuriant tangle of this beautiful but difficult journeying into the more open spaces of the *seringueiros* or caoutchouc-forests, which in many cases spread for miles in every direction.

These forests are found in the principal and lateral valleys of the great rivers, the richest of them being as yet unattacked by the *seringueiro* (caoutchouc-gatherer). It is only near the river-bank that he dares pursue his lucrative but dangerous vocation, and the magnificent rubber-woods, that stretch back in the interior, as yet stand in all their primitive virgin solitude.

On entering the caoutchouc-forest, the grand loneliness, unrelieved by aught except the multitudinous sounds of animal and insect life, is likely at any moment to be dispelled for the traveler. Every mile or two, but not too far from the protecting river-bank, he may happen on a camp of *seringueiros*, consisting generally of the chief man and

the twenty or thirty Mojo* Indians whom he employs, busy in gathering the valuable gum, which is to be transported in many cases thousands of miles before it reaches the port whence it is to be shipped for use in the American and European factories. The *seringueiro* becomes rich in a very few years, if he is allowed to pursue his business unmolested, but of this he is never sure. The forest-depths swarm with the fierce Parentin Indians, who are found most numerous, as it happens, in the caoutchouc-regions. These red bandits are the most savage and untamable of the Brazilian aborigines, and are very crafty in all the arts of savage warfare.

So the *seringueiro* camps are constantly on the alert, and rarely will any of the parties venture into the lateral valleys, be they never so full of *seringas*. Sooner or later they would have to dread an attack at dawn of day, and their few fire-arms would be of little avail against the long arrows and heavy lances of their Indian assailants, ensconced in the dense ambush of the surrounding forests. The red men, too, are not the only enemies to be dreaded. The fevers (*sesos*, or *febres tercianas*, as the Brazilians call them) are just as bad as or worse than the treacherous Indians. Many settlements on the banks of the rivers have been abandoned on account of the prevalence of these diseases; for, on the first high floods, a fever-blast is apt to sweep through the valley, carrying off, in the absence of adequate medical treatment, not unfrequently half of the population, unless they desert their homes till the coming again of the healthy season.

In spite, however, of the dangers that hamper the life of the caoutchouc-gatherer, the large returns of his business are more than enough to compensate him. Let us enter the camp of *seringueiros* and take a glance at the process of gathering and preparation, by which the gum, so essential to the prosperity of Brazil, is fitted for its distant markets.

The *Siphonia elastica*, or India-rubber tree, grows, or at least thrives, best on a soil where its stem is annually submerged by the floods to the height of three or four feet. The best ground, therefore, for it is the *gapé*, the lowest and most recent deposit of the river. It is in these rich, lush flats that the caoutchouc-tree flourishes the most fruitfully. No attempts thus far have been made to cultivate the tree, although this noble product of the forest gradually suffers and dies under

the steady depletion of its juices. The Brazilian only looks to the present, and falls in the calculating forethought, characteristic of more thriving peoples, which aims to balance waste and use by reproduction. He, therefore, has to depend on the discovery of new forests when he has exhausted the old.

The huts of the *seringueiros*, low, thatched, and dirty, mostly wretched hovels of the most repulsive order, must be sought on the low meadows or on the edge of the forest near the river-bank. These are rendered inhabitable during the inundations by the device of raising the floors seven or eight feet in height on wooden piles. Here, too, is a safe shelter for the canoe, the *seringueiro's* inevitable companion, his horse and his *dernier resort* at times of extraordinary overflow. The small proprietor—for but few of the class possess the thrift and energy to grow into the wealth and capital necessary for an extensive business—is almost as unenviable as his Mojo laborers. He has nothing to do in the *seringal* during the wet season except to calculate the intervals between his fits of ague, and watch the rapid phlebotomy practised by the most terrible of insect-pests, which are known under the euphonious names of *carapanda*, *piums*, *motucas*, and *mucumis*.

QUEEN MARY'S GHOST.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARQUERITE KENT."

CHAPTER I.

DUNDAS and I have just come in from a morning stroll about the Old Town of Edinburgh.

We did not start out with any definite plan as to what we should do or see, but only to fill in our time until the ladies, after their tiresome journey of yesterday, should be rested enough to join us.

As we drove from the station last night, Miss Carew was the first to find out where the Old Town is.

"There it is!" she cried, in her way that is so unlike other girls, a reined-in sort of enthusiasm which somehow startles one all over—"there it is, like one vast castle, all towers and steeples, and pricked everywhere with light. I want to go up there. I don't want to go to an hotel first."

"You may go," said Dundas, in the indulgent, half-mocking way he has with her, and which, under the rose, I am always doubling up my fists at; and then, as Mrs. Hogarth was glad of a chance to put in a declaimer, Cecile, in her changeable fashion, retorted:

"Then I don't want to. You always spoil my fun by saying 'Yes.'"

And Mrs. Hogarth was spared the perpetration of a platitude. I find the girl, when we have supped, standing alone in the hotel-window, with her nose pressed against the glass in the way children do when their hearts are in the things they look at. For a while I stand, without her being aware, looking over her shoulder and across the brilliantly-lighted street of the Old Town, leaning in such an il-

luminated obeisance against the side of its stern old cradle.

There, over yonder abyss of gloom, brought into life by an occasional glimmer of the railway-lamps, hangs the Old Town, seeming, by reason of this very basement of black nothingness, to be swinging in mid-air, like a gigantic glow-worm, all a-quiver. Line upon line the window-lights climb up, sometimes irregularly, like a beaded rope slackened, oftener taut with method, tattooing brilliantly the façade of old walls, up to meet the stars that are pallid, and stop trembling only in contrast.

We follow the uneven outlines of the ancient house-tops, the points of the gables, the caps of the turrets, peaked stark against the dark-blue of the sky; we see, as it were, a thistle of spires and chimneys and towers flowering in an emblem amid the strange old roofs of Edinburgh.

"I know this New Town will be awfully modern and tiresome," she says, feeling at last that I am there, and turning half round. "I never imagined the Old Town would look like that. I am thrilled all over by it. I thought I would be disappointed, just as persons are with Niagara, when they have heard so much about it. And here, instead, I am without breath enough left in me to last till morning. I wonder where Holyrood is? I hope it is a little apart from the rest, as it ought to be."

"Yes, it is off there," I say, nodding my head indefinitely to the left; and then, still like a child, she crowds into the right-hand corner of the window to peer as far as she can along the shining hump of the Old Town to see Holyrood.

"It is there, really!"—I laugh at her—"but you will have to get your hat on and back again into a cab, if you wish to see it to-night."

"Do you know what I would like?" she says, dangerously, under her breath to me—"I would like to run away with you to see it"—then she catches her words and half laughs—"I don't mean that, either—I don't mean with you, particularly. I'd go alone if I could, only I can't;" and her voice drops.

"Indeed you can't," says Dundas, joining us. "You are not going out of my sight once, you vixen!"

I never can stand his affectionate trifling, so I turn black, I know, and away from them, leaving her close at his side, with his arm thrown half about her, and go out into the night, with the conviction strengthened in me that this world is too small to hold both him and me.

I get over the feeling, though, in a measure, when, she having gone up-stairs for the night, Dundas (I can always stand his unit) comes to seek me, and to smoke his last cigar in my company. As we stroll up Princes Street, we make a compact to get up betimes on the morrow and do a portion of the sight-seeing that, man-fashion, we take for granted the ladies would not care about, and thus be the better able to map out for them the rest of the day.

And so by five o'clock Dundas is hammering vigorously at my door, and by half past we are quit of the hotel and out in the fog,

* The name "Mojo" is not used by all Brazilians in any generic sense, as indicating a special tribe. It is indiscriminately applied to all the Indians, who have either from choice or necessity abandoned a life of absolute savagery, and banded together to live in villages, with a consequent adoption of some of the habits of civilized life. The Brazilian Government has pursued the policy of offering large inducements to the savage tribes to do this. But the work has been in a great measure the result of the Jesuit missionaries, who have been laboring assiduously among the natives since the first organization of government by Portugal. Many of these missions are now mostly deserted by the *padres*, all of them in their decadence. But the fruit of their labors is seen in the thriving Mojo villages and plantations in the vicinity of the old mission ruins. The Mojos constitute the only reliable laborers that can be hired in the interior provinces of Brazil.

and trying to find, by looking, where the Old Town is.

We see billows of mist where the town was last night, and we know that the fog has rolled it round and round in a cocoon. It looks from here almost like a sea, and in the offing gray lines, as shrouds, run up alongside of the spires; and when the sun fights through, and the tide brings a wind to the Firth, the fog trembles and wavers, and is torn like a banner, and goes scudding off from the steeples as a gray-tissue flag would floating half-mast high.

Now it is gray, and now it is rent into patches of amethyst and gold, until, blowing higher and higher, they curl their edges into snowy petals, and float at last, wind-flowers of the sky.

We stand a while to watch how beautifully it is done, and with our nostrils straining at the sweet, pungent odors that the tide-wind has robbed as it came across the copses and pastures of the plain lying between Edinburgh and the Firth.

The eaves over there want to drip and sparkle instead. The damp gathers everywhere into glassy beads. The wet throats of the chimneys send up coils of black smoke that taper into azure as the sun drives them with a touch.

Every thing is at its best when we cross one of the bridges that span the ravine connecting the Old Town with the New, and as we plunge headlong into a wynd reeking with what is left of the fog, and which is dingy, and ill-savored, and romantic, all at once.

This lane is so steep that, as I go first, Dundas's head almost touches my heels at every step; so narrow that, by stretching my arms out as far as I may on either side, I can knock if I choose upon opposite house-doors at the same time.

We slip sometimes, and are glad to find that often the paving-stones are put so as to catch the toes of our boots when, if it were not for this, we might be brought unexpectedly aslant.

Down just such a lane as this must Dundee have clattered with his handful of dragons to raise the Highland clans in favor of King James, while the town rang to arms in pursuit of him; or the beauties of the old royalty may have passed in their chairs, with the links flaring every now and then to enunciate the features that were court-beloved, and which made jealous swords cross and recross to the death.

We climb by stone lintels that are rudely carved with armorial bearings—past pious inscriptions wreathed in different devices, as though the grand old Covenanters who opened their veins to sign their names in purple blood, not content with parchment, had at their deaths chosen stone also to glorify the cause—past dates which we do not believe tell the truth, they are so old.

Up we go, step by step, never lagging in a mood of romantic inquiry, but hurrying to get to a high place, where a top to all this must be, and where we may find at least one breath of fresh air. Presently we are rewarded, and feeling, as Dundas expresses it, as though a bunch of fire-crackers were going

off under our hats, we come all at once into the freer atmosphere of the Netherbow.

The fresh air even here is heavily mortgaged, but we are grateful for small favors, and try to forget, in a spirit of devotion to the past, the squalor that stares at us, epitomized in a brood of heads from every window.

There is John Knox's house, all aslant with stories projecting one over the other, and gables atop arching like eyebrows, while the roof hangs over the street so far that it looks half-slidden off.

The down-hill that starts here is the Canongate. This I know leads directly to Holyrood, and I am sorely tempted to go and have a look at it. My next thought is of Cecilie, and I hesitate. I am a fool, and think suddenly that it would be far sweeter to wait for her. I look at Dundas. He is troubled by no thought of her, it seems, but is staring, with his nose in air, up at the angle, from the window of which, they say, the stern old Calvinist used to harangue the populace.

"I smell the brimstone round here yet," he says, sniffing so industriously as to threaten to exhaust the already limited supply of oxygen. "The very pavement croaks out texts."

And then half-hating him for allowing me to think more constantly of Cecilie than he does—as I begin to feel I do—I turn my back decisively upon Holyrood, before he may have a chance to suggest going there—and he follows me toward the castle without demur.

It is almost a joy, after this breathless progress between houses seven stories high, to come in sight of the flag, floating in gaudy undulations from the castle-walls. As we come out on the esplanade, the sun bursts upon us, causing us to shiver involuntarily at the tingling contrast, and we see the bare-kneed Highlanders pacing up and down their beats.

I look at my watch, and find that, if we hurry, we may yet have time for a cursory view of the castle interior before we can have a right to suspect that the ladies are awaiting our return to breakfast in the valley below. So we hasten past the picturesque sentinels, under Argyll's prison atop the old portcullis-gate, by the aged Norman chapel, about the size of my hand, and built somewhere in the eleventh century, and, unheeding Mons Meg, come out on the battery inclosure, from which, we have been told, we may see the entire glory of the city.

It is about the only thing we have been told this morning that we really believe, and we are rewarded now for our temporary relapse into faith by the extended view that we get here of the most romantic city in the world.

As we climbed up here our young blood was too much for us—coagulated as it is by the skepticism of our generation, and we have indulged in an excess of something like satire, at the expense of the different traditional objects which we have passed, until now it is rather fortunate for us that the city is no longer a mere village of straw-thatched huts, surrounded by a dense forest; else, it being a remarkably fine morning for a

saunter, two or three bears might come out from the umbrageous shade.

But our mocking is silenced, for we are touched to the quick by that which lies stretched before our eyes—more pathetic in its repose, more glorious in its state, than may be told.

At our very feet hangs the Old Town, like a rook's-nest over the gay parallelograms of the newer city; its happy-go-lucky streets, where long ago contending factions fought in bloody feud, or else flowers were strewed and tapestry was hung, and the bag-pipes skirled as royalty went by; such mere slits in the masonry, that the sun rarely sees the pavement, and all day long the gray shade ebbs like a tide down from the cope of one tall, gaunt house, only to creep up to the shingles opposite.

For the first time to-day I am twinged by a spasm of romance. I am a little ashamed of it, and glance aside at Dundas. He is as far gone as I am, and stares, half-leaning over the battlement, down at the aged ridge poles that his fancy is straddling witch-like.

He would look just so if he saw in reality the streets red with torchlight, and horsemen charging in them amid the yells of rioters and clangs of the trumpet; or perhaps a gorgeous court pageant, where a queen, born with an invisible red circle about her neck, is coming to her own.

I have never seen such an expression upon Dundas's physiognomy before, such a flaccid look of self-abnegation; and, in the midst of my own sympathetic fancies, I begin to wonder if I am opening my mouth like that, and acting altogether like such a marvelous idiot.

Of course I shut my mouth at once, knit myself together, and turn my eyes elsewhere. There is the imperial crown of St. Giles, with its graceful spire springing lightly from its cluster of pinnacles, and I fall to thinking what a fine roosting-place it must be for birds, and how cool it must be kept by the sweet sea-breezes blowing through it. It is quite a relief to look at this, for all other projections, resembling either turret or tower, are topped by quaint brown caps, bearing aloft vanes that twirl in the quarrelling breezes, like go-betweens, eager and determined to suit whichever current prevails.

Dundas has rhapsodized mutely long enough, so I tell him that he better not waste all the few minutes he has left in that way, as there are a great many interesting views to be had besides this one of the Old Town.

Then he stirs himself to see how the castle hangs over a precipice hundreds of feet in height, a sheer descent of trap-rock, black with being stormed at by weather and foe, and with skirts below of blossoming garden and shadowy park where children laugh and play.

Out from this stretches the New Town, vigorous with life, toward the water. Beyond are the Salisbury Crag, snarling their naked walls of green-stone in a semicircle, like teeth fast set—just as they did in the days of the cavaliers; and there is Arthur's Seat, shaped as though the lion rampant of Scotland had couched on his shield to rest.

"Cecile must come here," says Dundas, as we take our last look.

"I know you feel as though you had sprouted feathers in your caps and grown rapiers at your sides!" exclaims Cecile, when we finally reach the hotel, a little sobered by that which we have seen.

"Yes; I am so sorry not to have died for Queen Mary," I answer, as we join Mrs. Hogarth in the breakfast-room. "I will have to die for somebody else now, after I have eaten my breakfast."

"Mr. Schuyler, to think—only to think of your having gone to Holyrood without me!"

"Indeed, we have been everywhere but to Holyrood," I hasten to assure her, after waiting awhile for Dundas to do so; but he is hurrying up breakfast, and takes no notice that she is fretting.

As we settle ourselves at table, and Dundas continues apparently oblivious to every thing but the granting of his last night's prayer for daily dread, I go on to answer, as well as I may, the interrogative lift of her eyebrows.

"Imagine the keel of a very broad-bottomed ship turned up for repairs, or for some other good reason," I say, forgetting that I am famished, in loving to watch the excitement of her eager, illuminated face, "and you have the topography of the Old Town of Edinburgh." And I add that the abrupt precipice upon which the castle is built is meant to play stern to my simile, and that, starting from this and traveling the entire length of the comparison, one would find Holyrood nestling in a valley at the tip end of the bow.

"But you said you did not go there!" she cries, in woman-fashion, forgetting the main issue in snatching eagerly at a possible straw of prevarication.

Somehow it always hurts me when I find this spirit aboriginal in any one of the sex, and, as I like to keep in my orbit when I can, perhaps my sudden relapse into silence is a hint to her that she has fallen from grace.

"I know what you are thinking, and I am glad. I have a right to doubt you. Rob and you ought not to have gone off without me. I'd have gotten up at four o'clock instead of five if I'd been asked. And what vexes me most is that you both knew it. You promised me only yesterday that you would take me with you everywhere."

"That was because you teased so," says Dundas.

"You forget, Cecile—it is impossible for you to go everywhere gentlemen do," Mrs. Hogarth remarks, in a tone of slight disgust.

Mrs. Hogarth is Cecile's aunt, and Dundas is such a forward fellow that he does not hesitate to lessen the coming event by making the most of his shadow of a right to call her aunt before—an indelicacy that restrains me from liking him as much as I otherwise might.

"I suppose that is because I am a girl, Aunt Isabel. Well, there is one thing I can keep from being, and that is a lady-like one."

"Yes, very easily," affirms Dundas, nodding.

I am kept on good terms with him, however, by seeing how undisturbed she is by his ironical trifling. Perhaps she knows what a cover this may be for a smothered fire, and glories, as most women would, in his ability to maintain interminably the masquerade; but, as usual, I am helplessly vexed, and restlessly long for a right to toss back, as a shuttlecock, the persiflage perpetrated so lavishly at her expense.

And I have only known this girl one week!

In quitting London for the north, we chanced to occupy the same railway-carriage, and, after having passed several hours in company without exchanging any courtesies other than the mutual staring out through each other's windows, and inhaling the same draught of air, upon reaching one of the way-stations, as I jumped out for a stretch, I was followed shortly by Dundas, and it was not long ere we were chatting and amicably sharing cigars.

After this, Dundas overtaxed my patience somewhat by crowding me into a corner of the carriage, as far away as we well could get from the ladies, and, thus fraternizing, we came to comparing notes, and discovering that, although we had never even heard each other's names before, we yet had left many mutual acquaintances at home.

It was a short matter, presently, to lead up to an introduction to the ladies, and then I arrive at the knowledge that Dundas out of a corner is scarcely Dundas at all; that he of the ladies is not the same man who walks the platforms at the way-stations, expanding himself with a mighty breath of satisfaction, as though just escaped from limbo.

Of course I am interested for a while in ascertaining the relations that the different members of their party bear to one another, and my doubts are set at rest soon by seeing Miss Carew, when she thinks it dark enough, nestling up to Dundas, in the broad sight of Mrs. Hogarth, for a nap, and then, in the half-light, I begin my study of her face, sleeping now, but which, when awake, is mercurial with extremes.

Even to-day, closely as I have loved to watch and study her, I could not tell you the color of her eyes. I could better describe the predominating hue of the iridescent feathers on a pigeon's neck.

Why I am so uncertain about her, after all my efforts at analysis, is beyond me.

From the first I have known her to be engaged to Dundas. As far as I can see, she is content with him, and perhaps against my will I have been irritated into caring for her by his seeming indifference to her pretty caprices—his cool playing with Cecile—her, whom no man ought to look at, with his hat upon his head.

Perhaps, too, I have been astonished into my present frame of mind by her unconventional ways—her volatile behavior that is so startling to one of my whilom strictures upon the manners of women; but, after each shock, when the reactionary judgment is obtained, I find that it never degenerates into downright frivolity, but is rather the distillation of an enthusiasm possessing in itself such a concentrated diffusible quality that almost in

the same breath one's censure grows volatile too, and is effervesced into a sudden sympathy with it.

Every hour she outrages my self-constituted theories in regard to her sex—laughs, without being aware, in the very face of my definitions. Whenever she does or says any thing unusual, she provokes in my mind a rising inflection, and interfects my every resolution to beware of her. I may say, with propriety, Cecile's character is full of mute vowels, so much is left written in it that is not and may never be pronounced.

I call her Cecile almost without knowing it, just as I may tell her some day that I love her, when Dundas has neglected her enough to have his behavior succeed in casting the least shadow of excuse in my mind.

Before breakfast is over, we have made our plans for the day.

"Holyrood first" has been Cecile's entreaty, and so it is to be.

As we loiter over the table, Dundas suddenly begins rummaging his pockets, draws a letter thence, and passes it to Cecile. She looks curiously at the superscription, and, as if still puzzled, draws the paper from the envelope, asking Dundas meanwhile whether he has given the letter to her to read or not.

"Yes—it is worth reading."

"Oh, I am so sorry," cries Cecile, after the few first lines—the only real look of annoyance that I have ever seen changing her face—"I hoped they wouldn't catch up."

"I am not sorry," says Dundas, attempting indifference. "Their coming will brighten us up. If you will be glad to see them, I'll promise not to be lazy once while they stay with us."

"I know Mr. Schuyler won't like her. If you devote yourself to her the way you did in London, I'll do the same by Mr. Schuyler, can't I?" And the child looks at me in her queer fashion, as though begging breathlessly a favor.

"Cecile!" cries Mrs. Hogarth, absolutely blushing for her.

Mrs. Hogarth always resents Cecile's young ways—as a sort of infringement upon her own peculiar prerogative. If we treat Mrs. Hogarth with the deference due her age, she does not like it. If we extend a hand to help her in alighting from any conveyance, she slights it, and does her very best to jump as lightly as she used to twenty years ago, when her avoirdupois was at its minimum. If we suitably address her with her title of madam, her countenance lengthens spasmodically and is strong. Altogether, Mrs. Hogarth continues still intrepid with youth, and spends her days in snubbing facts and surprising them into turning the other cheek also.

"You mustn't be so sure about Schuyler. I don't see very well how he can help admiring Miss Hague.—She was the belle of Baltimore last winter, Schuyler."

Dundas is mischievously propagating winks in my favor with a vengeance, and is relaxing his usual taciturn expression in a series of indescribable facial innuendoes.

"Oh, how can you misrepresent things so? She is not pretty even. Her forehead bulges out, and her nose is so long."

"I love every inch of it," says Dundas, soberly.

Miss Carew has crimsoned, and has arisen from her chair—not hastily, but very quietly and dignifiedly for her. But it is impossible for her to remain rigid with displeasure long, so she flashes a glance at Dundas that is half defiance and wholly anger.

"Don't you like her, too, Mr. Schuyler," she says, turning to me; "but I won't worry, for I know you won't. She is the very friend of what's nice."

"Well," says Mrs. Hogarth, who has been frowning in silence for some time, "I suppose this foolishness means that the Hagues will be with us ere long?"

"To-night. Hague writes from York to that effect."

"If the tribe of Ephraim were forty thousand and five hundred"—and Cecile looks just now as though her knowledge of the Bible might be limited to this—"I am glad this place isn't an ark for coming in: they'd have to double."

And she is so thoroughly naughty that I forget to censure, and laugh instead.

When breakfast is over, Dundas follows Cecile to the window, and, as I think he must be petting her back into a good-humor, I do not look to see.

"I wish we didn't have to go in a cab," she says to me when Dundas goes out to engage a carriage for the sight-seeing; "I would like to go as you and Rob went this morning, climbing here and there and without any plan. I never saw such a magnificent sight as that old castle is perched up there. It's the first real castle I've seen—I mean my idea of one. I think your simile of the boat-keel must be good, Mr. Schuyler. I suppose there is just one long street running from the castle down to Holyrood?"

"Yes; but it is not called by the same name all the way. Then, down from this one long street the closes and wynds run steep, like ribs, on either slant of the hill into the valleys."

"Shall we go to Holyrood first, really?" asks Dundas, coming in, to find me at Cecile's side, and looking with her at the old roofs across the way, yellowing now in the broad daylight—and in favor of Holyrood there is a quadruple decision, and we find ourselves all at once formed into a mutually-accommodating party—three sure to go wherever the fourth one may suggest.

"Don't let us drive through the new part," Cecile begs when we enter the cab, and, with her face turned longingly toward the high-pitched gables and turrets on the other side of the ravine, "let us go up there first."

"I thought you wanted to go to Holyrood first?" Dundas reminds her.

"So I do; but I want to go the way Queen Mary used to go, down the Canongate. I want to get into the real spirit of the place. To go the new way would be too much of a start."

And, as we all acquiesce, it is plainly shown that Cecile is the fourth exponent of our will, calculated by nature to accelerate one and all of our decisions for the day.

"Cecile, you don't look unlike a picture of Mary Stuart that I saw this morning"—Dundas looks at her with something like

pride, and well he may, she is so alight with a sweet, fresh beauty—"you only need the coal and pearls and a thousand lovers."

I begin to question now all at once—and the thought is like an air-ball rising through the draught that I am drinking—"Is he jealous that she has learned so often to defer to me as she did just now, with only a look; does he see her fret with color sometimes when I essay indifference; and is he beginning to feel the vibrations that stir her and shake me in his very sight?"

I tingle mentally as we are driven over the bridge and up a street which has been widened by the demolition of sundry old landmarks, and the general aspect of which in consequence is lamentably modern.

"This isn't fun," cries Cecile, looking first one side and then the other; "only look at those signs—there is a bank, and there an hotel, and there a chapel. I feel like crying, I am so disappointed. I have to look way up to the roofs to see any thing queer."

"Only look at that date." I call her attention to a gaunt stone hand, that to see its top one has to stretch one's self almost horizontally. "In such a house as that the barons and peers of the realm lived in the old, chivalrous days, and the gallants emptied their stirrup-cups before setting out for conquest."

So I ramble on, keeping her interested all the way to the Canongate, only to bring the sweet eyes to mine in the steadfast act of listening, only to watch the come and the go of the color that is ever new.

Dundas pretends not to listen, and is leaning almost with his back turned half out his side the carriage. Mrs. Hogarth reclines back upon her seat as we are dragged up-hill, as uninterested and as uninterfering as one could desire.

The Canongate brings Cecile from out a lethargy of listening into ejaculations of delight. The tall old house, timber-faced, and picturesque with gables that mum at each other, they are so aged, is a revelation to her eager eyes, looking as if, could they only be tilted a little more, both sides of the street, after a nodding acquaintance of centuries, would unite in one common cairn.

As we drive down the street, I see keen Scotch eyes brighten with pleasure, just as their forefathers may have gazed in greeting their lovely, girlish queen.

"I am going to shut my eyes," Cecile says, when told that Holyrood is in sight, "and I don't want to open them till we get in front of it—I want it all in a shock.—Rob, won't you count three, and then I'll open my eyes right off?"

"There it is now"—Dundas refuses to humor her—and we are crossing the square that once was the garden from which the lovely queen went forth hawking or shooting at the butts, and where now the fountain, like the one she played about as a child at Linlithgow, is built in memory of her.

The carriage is turned with a sudden twist, and stands still in front of the grand entrance. Cecile looks up, catching her breath at the royal arms of Scotland. On either hand are the double-battlemented towers, topped by the round, peaked caps, that seem here the sign-manual of architecture.

We are glad to be rid of the cab. As Mrs. Hogarth jumps forth as usual, refusing assistance, the driver is telling Cecile, who has inquired, that Queen Mary's apartments are in the towers to the left, and, oh, yes! there are strange lights seen flashing out from the windows at night, and the queen sometimes comes to the window—that one there between the towers—and, throwing up her arms as if in despair, shrieks aloud.

Dundas has to put his hand upon Cecile's shoulder, as a hint that she cannot stand all day listening to the driver's ghost-stories, who is looking down at the girl with a sly, Gaelic twinkle in his eye.

We enter by the front gate-way, and, led by a guide, turn to the left, ascend a stair, and before we know it are in the picture-gallery where hang the portraits of the native monarchs, cut and slashed by the sabres of defeated dragoons, and patched anew with color, a cicatrix for their wounds.

"This is where Prince Charlie used to dance with the Jacobite dames, causing the white knots to tremble in their bosoms."

Dundas has stolen Cecile away from me, and stands with her before one of the stiff old pictures.

The guide tells us we are the first visitors to come this morning; that we have chosen an hour unusually early for tourists, and Cecile, hearing this, is quite freed from her attack of awe, and goes waltzing down the entire length of the gallery, saucily under the very noses of the grim old kings.

The guide first frowns, and then the taut muscles of his face relax, and, when she stops, I know that he is wishing that she would waltz again.

After this she quite abandons Dundas and me, to devote herself to asking questions of the guide, and hangs upon his answers just as she did upon mine, when I could serve her turn as well.

Mrs. Hogarth, not feeling especially interested in any thing, is imitative, wants to hang about somebody, and so hangs about me. Dundas keeps closely beside Cecile, and the guide, I imagine, enjoys silently my chagrin.

We leave the picture-gallery, and are ushered into the more ancient portion of the palace, where Mary's and Darnley's rooms are situated.

We penetrate the audience-chamber of Darnley—hung with melancholy old tapestry, that I am glad does not flap, it is so dusty and dismal—we look about the little turret-rooms with old portraits only for furniture, while Cecile is hurrying us all the time to get through, that we may go up-stairs sooner to see Queen Mary's apartments, which the guide tells us are immediately over these.

In one of the turret-rooms the guide shows us the private stair up which the assassins crept to murder Rizzio in the queen's sight; and, although iron bars have been put across the narrow doorway, to prevent trespassing, Cecile does her best to soften the guide's heart with indefatigable pleading.

"Only think how far I've come, and how sea-sick I was coming! If you only knew, you'd find some way to let me go up those stairs."

And when the poor guide shakes his head, and, quite voiceless under the storm of her importunities, points to the iron bars, and even tries to shake them to show her how impregnable to all assault they are, she refuses point-blank to be convinced.

"There is some other way, then. I do want to go up those stairs! It spoils half the romance not to."

"Don't tease so," remonstrates Mrs. Hogarth, and she turns decisively away from the bars through which we see the rough stone steps that Ruthven and Darnley trod that fearful night, winding up into the gloom.

The guide also, rejoiced to get away from the subject, follows, and while Cecile lags sulkily behind, draws our attention to the manner in which the ceilings are paneled.

It is not until we have returned to the audience-chamber that we discover that Cecile is nowhere to be seen. From this chamber another leads out to the left, and while they seek her there, I run back to the little turret-room from which the secret stairs lead up.

The tapestry is hanging there alone, and no sound is heard but the shrill voices of the fisher-women crying in the streets. I hesitate, and while I am hesitating I hear the regular click of tiny boot-heels upon stone steps high above my head. I lean against the bars to listen. They are so close together that I wonder how she has managed to crawl through. The air, moist and cold as if it had been dead a long while, chills my face.

"I arrest you in the queen's name for trespassing," I call after her, and my voice reverberates not unlike the hollow accents of a dog baying at the moon.

The click of the boot-heels on the steps is silenced, and I know she is trembling up there, my voice is so strange to her after its winding flight. She is already punished for her temerity.

"Where is she? have you found her?" Mrs. Hogarth reenters leisurely, but she becomes quite pale with apprehension when she finds me there alone, and the tapestry hanging sleek and unrumpled as it ought to be when there is no one mischievously concealed behind it.

"Cecile has crawled through those bars," says Dundas, who has followed with the guide, and he laughs now heartily at the exploit. "That girl is a trump."

"You should not encourage her so," Mrs. Hogarth begins to fret, but she can go no further, for Dundas is crying lustily through the bars.

"Come back, you vixen! we are waiting for you. Come back, before the ghost snatches you. Don't you see it there all in white, and making up faces at you—*boo!*"

This latter ejaculation is lengthened spasmodically, and goes, a rumbling discharge of respiration, up the spiral gloom.

"I'm up now where it's light," a queer, distorted voice comes answering back. I'm so disappointed, there isn't a single ghost here—*boo* yourself!"

The guide meanwhile is complaining to Mrs. Hogarth that if the matter of the young lady's having done such a thing should come to the knowledge of his grace the duke, the

keeper of the palace, it would be as much to him as his place is worth.

"Well, never mind that," interferes Dundas, for Mrs. Hogarth is happy at last in finding somebody to sympathize with her. "I'll make it up to you if there's any trouble—which there won't be unless you take the trouble to talk yourself. Now I want you to take us as quickly as you can to the spot where these stairs come out."

I am also in a hurry to go, and so we hasten back, and are soon climbing the staircase leading to the royal apartments above.

In the Chamber of Presence, which we enter first, we see Cecile come walking out from an inner room, trying hard to look as though she had done nothing to offend.

We are so glad to see her safe and sound after her frolic, that even the guide relents into a smile, and Mrs. Hogarth is the only one who continues sourly disposed.

"TIME'S REVENGES."

I.

THE river Thames looks very pleasant at Kingston Bridge. Besides the local beauties—the tree-shaded towing-path, the quaint old boat-house, the picturesque water-stairs farther on—there is always some living interest here, and about this old, gray bridge.

Usually a punt or two add character to the scene. Moored across-stream at the present time there is one, with a grave, comfortable-looking angler therein, tickling the water. He screws up his mouth now and then as a boat full of laughing girls shoots past, or even when a quieter freight in the shape of a pair of lovers floats down-stream in one of the dainty little boats that seem part of the place. Just now the angler looked more than disconcerted when an outrigger cutter, with a crew of eight splendid-looking, dark-browed young fellows, flew past him.

"Confound that Harvard crew!" he muttered; "theirs is the strongest pull on the river."

Two young men are standing still on the Kingston side, just below the angler, watching the American boat, and admiring the practised ease of its crew.

"I wish you were going to the United States instead of to Germany, Michael," said one to the other.

The man he spoke to gave a cheerful look out of his frank, blue eyes.

"Why, Thorn? You mean I should make money quicker. You forget that I set happiness above money, and I don't want to put the Atlantic between myself and a certain person."

"If you are going for a year, what can distance signify?"

Michael laughed.

"A shorter post, old fellow, will make all the difference."

And then he put his arm into his friend's, and they walked on beside the river.

"Thank Heaven!" the angler muttered. "Why can't the chattering idiots choose some other place?"

The friends turned their backs on the new-stuccoed suburb, which seems like some modern, fashionable child, ashamed of its gray, old-fashioned parent. Just before they reached the quaint market-place of Kingston, Michael stopped suddenly.

"I must leave you here, Thorn, but I'll see you again before I go for good. Between ourselves, it is just possible I may be home in a month, and then go back and stay altogether—for a time, at any rate."

Thorn's grave, middle-aged face clouded over.

"My good fellow, do you mean that you think of marrying on your present income?"

Michael was amused at his friend's anxiety.

"I have plenty of faults," he said, "but I don't think I am over-confident. I feel sure of success, and my idea is, that two people who love one another get on better in life married than single. Now good-by, old fellow; I am due at Lurbiton Lodge."

But Thorn did not let go his friend's hand. He was trying to give a word of advice, and he feared to give offense along with it.

"You say two people. Don't be vexed, but make sure, my dear boy, that you are loved heart and soul before you ask a woman to share a small income."

Michael frowned for an instant, then his bright, sunshiny look came back—a look one seldom sees in an idle man's face; it was like the sparkle on a fountain, welling up from a loving heart and a steadfast mind.

"Never fear, old friend—I think I'm safe—thank you for your anxiety—and, now, good-by in earnest."

He hurried on till he had left the old town behind, and was some way up the tree-shaded road leading to Lurbiton Hill.

"Poor old Thorn! I don't fancy he and his wife are happy together, and so he croaks about Georgie and me. I believe he has such an absurdly high opinion of me that he can't think Georgie or any woman half good enough for me."

And then his pace slackened as his thoughts gathered on the doubt his friend's words had stirred.

"Does Georgie love me as I love her?" A pause here. "Nonsense! I'm a fool to plague myself. What I take for coldness is only the reserve that modest girls have. I believe those who are shyest generally have the strongest power of loving."

He whistled "Love's Young Dream" as he went up the hill. Inwardly he was not quite content, but he told himself that doubt and fear were two sure attributes of true love, and that it would be all right when once Georgie Needham was his wife.

Past the church, he took a turning on the right. There were no stuccoed houses to be seen here. The road overlooked the open country on one side, and on the other was bordered by high hedges, powdered just now with summer dust. He soon came to a white swing-gate in one of these hedges, pushed it open, and went up a carriage-drive with a flower-border on the right, and some good-sized maple and yew trees on the left, which effectually screened the house.

In gaps here and there you caught glimpses of an irregular picturesque dwelling, built chiefly of red brick, so festooned by wistaria and climbing roses that even the flight of stone-steps in front, and a projecting balcony which overlooked the lawn on one side, were almost hidden.

A shrubbery of laurels hid the lawn itself, but sounds of laughter and the sharp click of croquet-mallets were plain enough.

Michael Radcliffe hurried along the turn in the drive which led to the house, and went in without any ring or knock at the open door at the top of the flight of steps.

A voice had reached him from the other side of the laurel-hedge, which told him that Georgie was not playing croquet. His heart beat fast as he passed through the empty drawing-rooms, out through the French windows, and out on the little stone balcony overlooking the lawn. He felt sure of Georgie's answers to the questions he had come to put to her. At least he told himself he was sure, and yet his heart throbbed in a most unusual fashion.

Georgie's three sisters, and some other young women in bright, butterfly-like costumes, are playing croquet. Mrs. Needham makes a contrast to them in the deep mourning-dress she still wears. She sits on the lawn, near the croquet-players. Michael Radcliffe takes in the scene almost without looking at it. He has only eyes for the strangely ill-mated pair walking beside the laurel-screen. Just now they are coming up toward the house.

Georgie is a tall, handsome girl, simply dressed in black and white, her face shaded by a black-straw hat. A short, stout, red-faced dame walks beside her, and takes little, waddling steps, two or three to each of the stately movements of her companion.

The afternoon is not oppressively warm, but, as you look at the full-blown, rose-colored face, and the many-hued tints of her dress, you feel heated and jarred. She is entirely out of harmony with her surroundings. They turn abruptly, and Michael runs down the steps from the balcony and reaches them as they stand looking at the pond beyond the lawn.

"I can't fancy, my dear," says Georgie's companion, "what your poor dear ma can be thinking of not to have that water drained off, when your little brothers come home for holidays. I must speak to her seriously, I must indeed; they're sure to be drowned—why, my gracious! here's Mr. Radcliffe! Ah, you don't remember me, sir, perhaps? I met you over at Stamford Hill at a ball last year."

To Michael's surprise, she holds out her hand, and a dim remembrance comes to him of a loud-talking, pompous mother and son, said to be wonderfully wealthy. He looks impatiently at Georgie, but she, after shaking hands with Michael, walks on beside her visitor. Michael hurries to Mrs. Needham.

Their greetings over, he says:

"Please release Georgie from that old horror. I have something very special to say to her, and I must leave early, for I have an appointment in London at eight o'clock."

It seems to him that easy-complying Mrs. Needham shows a want of alacrity in his ser-

vice; and hitherto she and "the girls," as he calls his future sisters, have been so petting in their welcome to his visits.

"That old horror," as you call her, is Mrs. Wood," says Mrs. Needham, and she looks perplexed. "You know who she is, do you not? the mother of Richard Wood, the richest man on the Stock Exchange." A certain swell on the last words irritates Michael Radcliffe.

"Yes, I know—he's a most awful, vulgar snob. He's not a friend of yours, is he?"

"We don't know much of him, certainly"—Mrs. Needham looks troubled—"but I think he seems extremely pleasant." She glances up at Michael. "Well, I'll see what I can do." A fiery impatience in his eyes quickens her movements. She crosses the lawn and takes possession of Mrs. Wood. In a few moments he has Georgie all to himself.

"Come in-doors, darling, won't you? we can't talk comfortably in the midst of all this clatter."

"I should have thought you would be glad of as much fresh air as possible," says Georgie, but she walks beside him to the balcony.

"I beg your pardon, dearest"—he looks so winning as she sits beside her on a couch in a snug corner that she smiles, too. "I know I looked cross just now, but I felt sure you wanted to be free of that old vulgarian."

"O Michael! don't speak like that; Mrs. Wood is our friend."

"Well, then, she's charming—but never mind Mrs. Wood. Now, my own girl, for once I'm going to talk very seriously. I have got a year's appointment as engineer to the projected Luxembourg Railway—enough to live on comfortably out there, darling." He pauses here, and looks down on the handsome face he has drawn so near to his. Georgie's eyes are fixed on her clasped hands, her color deepens, and she listens.

"Go on," she says, quietly.

"Well," he speaks, eagerly, "I won't deceive you, darling—it would not be enough for England; but at the end of a year I am promised a much better thing altogether."

"Why can't you have that now?"—still she does not raise her eyes, but she seems very intent on his words.

"Because my getting it very much depends on the success of this present work. Now, my darling, if you are with me I am sure of success; and if you saw this quaint little German town, I am sure you would like it."

And then he goes off into an enthusiastic description of a charming house and garden he has found out in Luxemburg, which he only waits her permission to secure as their home. He tells her the exact amount of his income and his expectations, and opens his whole heart to her.

"You will say 'Yes,' darling; I will go over for a month, get every thing ready for you, and begin my work, and then I will come and fetch you. Is it not a lucky stroke of fortune?"

He bends down and kisses her tenderly, but Georgie draws herself away, and gives a little laugh.

"Stop, Michael, you are going on too fast, you are taking my consent for granted; don't be vexed, dear"—she smiles, and holds one

of his hands in hers; "but why should we not keep to our old plan? You said our engagement had better last more than a year—that is not half over yet."

Michael pulled his hand away.

"Then you don't care to make me happy?"

"I asked you not to be vexed, Michael; you know I have always told you that I am practical. Suppose I were to say 'Yes,' and, after all, you were not to get the other appointment, but get into debt instead—is it not much better to wait on another year, even, in hope, and then begin life comfortably, and as we mean to go on, than to run any risks? I should never forgive myself if you got worried and embarrassed for want of money. I saw enough of that while my father lived."

Every word falls like a drop of cold water on the lover's warm, beating heart. He gets up and stands facing her.

"I wish you were not so prudent, darling; have you no trust in me? I tell you I'm sure of success if I have you beside me to cheer me up."

"But, Michael, you may fall ill, or a dozen things may happen."

Michael looks more grave than vexed.

"My dearest Georgie, I don't ask you only to trust me; have a higher trust. It seems to me no one can ever be quite sure of any thing, but so far as it is possible to be sure. I have a certain moderate income for this year, and a very sufficient one farther on; but I have been too impatient. I won't ask for your answer to-night; take time. I will come down again to-morrow; we won't talk about it any more now."

Georgie glances up at him.

"We need never talk of it again," she says, coldly. "I am sure it is best to let things be till you have got the new appointment. You will come over between whiles, won't you?"

Till now, Michael has contrived to seem calm, but his bitter disappointment will make a last effort. He feels it is a turning-point in his life.

Once more he sits down beside her; he whispers tender, passionate love; he takes her in his arms; he pictures the happy life of the quaint, foreign town, where they will be more all in all to each other than they can be in England; and then he tells her how desolate he shall be there alone, and how she, too, will miss his visits.

"You know I am not good at letter-writing," he says, at last, "and letters are cold comfort in place of a wife. Say you will give me hope, darling—that you will change your mind; take two months, even, but don't keep us waiting so needlessly long for our happiness."

There is reproach in her eyes as she draws herself from his arms.

"I thought you unlike other men in one thing," she says, coldly; "I thought you unselfish, Michael. It seems to me you are willing to sacrifice a secure future, only to spare yourself some present discomfort."

Michael flushes, but he keeps down the pain she makes him feel.

"I was not thinking only of myself. I thought of you, too, my darling, in these months of separation. I realize better than

you do what you will feel"—and he presses her hand fondly—"but perhaps I am selfish. I will try and think you are right, Georgie, and I shall still live in the hope that you will shorten the time."

At parting from her lover that evening Georgie is more affectionate than usual. She goes down to the gate with him, and stands watching him in the dim light along the road.

"How well he walks, and how good-looking he is, and how nice he is! Oh, dear me! how will it all end? I believe if I could have brought myself to marry at once and be poor, I should have been very happy with him; but then I suppose I found the life he describes intolerably dull. He says we must live out of society; there is something so lowering in giving one's self to house-keeping and thinking about ways and means of living within one's income. No, no, I cannot be poor! I should grow cross and fretful, and that could not make Michael happy! No, I'm quite sure I was right to wait, and he will think so, too, after a bit."

And yet Georgie Needham's heart is very heavy as she goes back, and she feels a sudden disgust at Mrs. Wood's fulsome compliments on her beauty.

II.

MICHAEL RADCLIFFE sits smoking a well-colored pipe in his cheerful little sitting-room in the old German town. He has taken the quaint house and garden, after all. He had so pictured Georgie as its mistress that in some way it seemed to him filled with her atmosphere. Michael was thoroughly real and practical, but he had a warm nook in his heart for sentiment, and he was not ashamed of it. He had made an excursion to the Black Forest, and had brought back all kinds of quaint, carved furnishings for the old rooms with their deep-ledged windows, and for the rambling passages, too—passages which seemed to get on in life a few stairs at a time, and then to stumble down or unexpectedly to one side. At the foot of the staircase a bear stood erect, holding a gold ball between its paws, and at every corner a bear's head appeared topping the massive standard.

A bear's head, too, figures on the stove near which Michael sits smoking. For the weather has grown chill and dark, four months now since the bright, dusty July afternoon when he disturbed the angler at Kingston Bridge, and had to submit, so sorely against his will, to Georgie's prudence.

He had yielded then, because she had convicted him of selfishness; but, as the weeks had gone by, his mind had changed on this point.

"If two people love each other equally, it cannot be selfish for one to try and make both happy. Surely happiness would be mutual if hearts are truly one! I ought to have insisted. I am afraid that poor, darling girl only refused for my sake, and I have a right to make her happy in spite of herself. She must feel the separation even more than I do, for she has less to occupy her. The lifeless tone of her letters tells me how dull she

is. Well, I am lonely enough of an evening, but my work is a great compensation. I believe the worst part of a woman's life is when there is absence of a decided employment in it."

A tap at the room-door. The entrance into the hall is always open. The bear with his golden ball stands there all day as its sole guardian.

"Come in," Michael says.

There comes in a stout man in a blue coat and light trousers, very much out of keeping with the season, but with a ruddiness of content on his beaming, round face that seems to imply that, although he differs from his countrymen in his indifference to the cold, he has the cheerful content which makes life pass so easily to the fair-haired, blue-eyed sons of South Germany.

"Well, friend, and what dost thou here alone?" says Carl Schimmel, in a loud, cheerful voice.

"I am not alone. I have my pipe and my thoughts."

"I don't know"—the German leans against the stove and refills his own pipe—"some thoughts are very lonely, but these would not be thine, my friend—thou art no egoist."

"I don't know that, either," Michael smiles, and watches a wreath of smoke vanish gradually into the room. "I was thinking of my life here next year with a certain person of whom I have spoken to you, and I am vain enough to think that life will be so united that I suppose it comes round to egoism after all; lovers are generally selfish, my friend."

"Selfishness is not one of the rails you run along," says the German; but he looks inquisitive, and pulls his yellow mustache. "Have you any fresh English news since I was here last?"

"No; I am expecting a letter—an answer to a question."

Michael does not say what question, but he has been very frank with Carl Schimmel, and the German nods and goes on smoking.

"May I look at the lady's portrait again?" he says, presently.

Michael unfastens a locket from his watch-chain, and passes it to his friend.

Carl Schimmel looks earnestly at the portrait inside the locket, and his face changes; he sighs as he gives it back to Michael.

"What's the matter? I'm half inclined to believe there is a Fräulein Something somewhere, to whom that sigh belongs."

"No, indeed!" The ruddy face has got a troubled look.

"What is it, then? Surely there is nothing to sigh about in this portrait, except for envy."

Michael opens the locket, and gives a long, fond look at the beautiful face.

"I observe"—the German tries to smile off his serious look—"that thou lookest always at the bright side of life—so do I; but yet, in such a serious contemplation as marriage, I think I should consider also the reverse."

"I don't understand, my friend," Michael

shuts up the locket with a snap, and replaces it on his chain. "What is the dark side in my future?"

"I do not affirm there is one. I only say that every belief is linked to a possible refutation; in thy case, the refutation would be that thy beloved may weary of the long separation, and may grow forgetful or cold."

Michael's face clouds as quickly as the sky does in April; his heart tells him how painfully cold and unsatisfactory Georgie's letters have become.

"I think," he speaks slowly, as if he thought out the idea as he went on, "that separation is always trying, but ours is coming to an end. I have planned to spend my Christmas in England."

The German smiles.

"Thou wilt not, then, return alone?"

Michael is busy with his pipe; he does not look up as he answers.

"I hope not; but I cannot be sure."

There is a want of his usual cheerful tone, and Carl Schimmel feels a little self-reproach.

"We cannot be sure of any thing, but, my friend, the maiden must be hard-hearted who could withstand thy pleading."

They sat and chatted pleasantly an hour or more on other subjects, and Michael tried to yield himself up to the friendly influence; he laughed at the grotesque legends his friend told, and strove to get interested in some of the sentimental ballads he recited, but it was all an effort. It was a relief when at last his visitor went away—a relief from the trouble of restraint, but the solitude and silence only increased the cloud of doubt which Schimmel's words had awakened.

"Nonsense!" he said, presently; "Georgie has always said that she is practical; a word from her means more and is worth a dozen protestations from a gushing girl—and women of her type are as true as steel—I won't be faint-hearted. Once we are married we shall be all right."

Meantime Carl Schimmel walks home slowly in the moonlight which silvers the fortifications of the quaint frontier town.

"I had better have left him in peace," says the German, smiling good-humoredly, with none of the sour self-reproach an Englishman would possibly show. "It is probable that he sees English girls with different eyes from mine. That face he thinks so beautiful is to me full of self and cold calculation. If no one else comes in her way, good; she will doubtless marry my poor friend, and he will live her life and serve her devotedly, and think himself truly loved, while she will give him as much affection as she can spare from herself; but if a rich man comes and offers himself, I fear for Michael. These English girls are beautiful, and amiable, and innocent, but they are taught from the beginning to worship ease and luxury, and to them love is romance when it asks them to sacrifice their early idols. Ah! marriage would be a safe card if one could only train one's wife from the beginning."

Here Carl Schimmel consoles himself with a fresh pipe and certain visions of a blue-eyed maiden in the small Bavarian town he left three years ago.

III.

MICHAEL RADCLIFFE has passed a restless night; his dreams have been far from pleasant. He goes out earlier than usual to see if there are any English letters.

He has not heard from Georgie for a fortnight, and he has written three times in the interval.

"She said she should be away from home just now; no doubt that is the cause. I complained of her silence rather impatiently, perhaps, but still I ought to get a letter to-day."

No, there is not one. His blue eyes have got bright and cheery again with the fresh morning air, and with hope; they cloud over at once, and his heart sinks, but, after a few minutes' thought with bent brows, he says:

"But there's no use in being worried;" he puts his hands in his pockets and goes toward the railway-works. "What a blessing it is I have something to do!"

But when the day's work is done, and evening comes again, the doubts and worries come back—not timidly as they have hitherto come, standing far off and whispering, but pressing round him with importunate, mocking faces, like some of those rustic stalls in the old church half-way down the hill. He lights his pipe and gets a book, but his eyes follow the sombre wreaths instead of resting on the page; the faces are there again, more hideous in the moving, curling vapor than when they were merely shaped out of the darkness.

Three days pass thus heavily, and there is no letter from Georgie Needham—no evening visit from Carl Schimmel.

"I will not go to him till he has heard from England," the German thinks; "I am a poor deceiver, and he suffers enough without any feeding of his doubts from without."

But every morning Carl goes to the post-house and ascertains that no letter from England has come for the English Herr.

It is the fourth morning, and for the first time the two friends meet as Michael goes up to the post-house.

"Joy, my friend!"—the smiling fellow shakes Michael by both hands—"there is a letter from England; may good news be in it!" and then the kind-hearted fellow goes away, singing softly to himself.

Michael goes breathlessly to the post-house and secures his treasure.

There is no one to see on the steep bit of road, and Michael kisses the letter.

"I have been mistrustful and undeserving," he thinks. He hurries toward the house, but before he reaches it he opens the letter with a bright glow of happiness in his face—not lately seen there; it falls as he reads the first words.

Before he fully masters the contents there is a mist between him and the letter; the steep road seems to go round as if he were climbing instead of coming down the hill. He stands still and puts up his hand to screen his eyes, and so he stands for several minutes; then he crushes the letter, open as it is, into his pocket, and goes down the road at a quick pace.

He shuts the low-browed entrance-door as he passes into his house—a new idea, for it

stands open all day—and then he goes into the quaint sitting-room.

He sits down near the window, and takes out the letter.

The writing is quite distinct now, and his hand does not shake as he holds the letter. It begins—

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I have not written to you because I shrank from what I had to say, and yet it must be said. Ever since you went away I have been thinking seriously about our position, and it seems to me that I ought to release you from your engagement to me, and my mother quite agrees with me. We are both young enough to form other ties; why should we sacrifice each other to a silly question of honor? You think you love me now, but poverty, harassment, and debt, weaken any affection, and all three must fall to our lot if we keep to our engagement. I hope you will be reasonable. You will easily find a much better wife than I should ever have made you, who will have means to help you on in life instead of being a burden. You have no idea how fretful and discontented I should be if I were poor and worried. I suffer enough at home from seeing how much contrivance is necessary to keep up appearances. Good-by. Do not try to persuade me to change my mind. I have not decided hastily. I only wish I had had courage enough to end it all before you went away; it would have spared us both much worry. You will, perhaps, be angry with me now, but you will soon consider me

"Your true friend,

"GEORGINA NEEDHAM."

He read the letter through twice; his face flushed deeply, and he breathed hard and quickly. Then he laid it down and covered up his face.

"O my God!" he cried out, "how she has deceived me! I can never believe in a woman again."

IV.

GEORGINA NEEDHAM sits in her bedroom at Lurbiton Lodge. When she sent her letter to Michael, she only told him half the truth—she left her mother to tell him in a subsequent letter that his place was already filled by Mr. Richard Wood, "the richest man on the Stock Exchange," and she judged rightly in thinking that Michael Radcliffe would get this second letter before he had made up his mind how to answer her own.

She looks pale and worn—there is none of the glow of a bride-elect on her face. This is the night before the wedding, and tokens of bridal finery are scattered about the room.

She opens a case on her dressing-table, puts some diamond stars in her hair, and then looks at herself.

"I look like a ghost; I believe I first worried myself with fear that he would write me a letter full of reproaches; and now I am vexed because he only wrote to mamma—such a horrid little note, too!"

She takes a note out of her pocket:

"I have received your letter. Will you be kind enough to tell your daughter that I received hers yesterday? I believe I follow

her wishes by leaving it unanswered. I hope she may be happy in her choice."

"How hateful and unfriendly!" and then, with strange inconsistency, she cries fitfully, and sobs till the full white throat quivers and throbs with anguish. She kisses the letter between her sobs, and then she twists it up, and holds it in one of the candles till there is only a little bit of scorched and blackened paper. A tap at the door, and Mrs. Needham comes in with a jewel-case in her hand.

"Look here, Georgie darling!—My dear child, whatever can you be crying for?—Here is another lovely present from Richard. Put it on, my dear; it is just the thing for you."

She opens the case, and shows a magnificent pearl necklace, with pendants of brilliants.

Georgie turns away with a look of disgust; then, by a strong effort, she forces a smile, and tries on the necklace.

"Beautiful!" cries her mother. "What exquisite taste Richard has!—Don't sit up, dear," her mother says; "you must look well to-morrow, you know.—Good-night."

Georgie locks the door when her mother leaves her. The necklace seems to gall her; she unclasp it and throws it on the bed, and then walks up and down with her hands clasped behind her. At first her face is wrung with a look of agony, but this fades through many gradations to a sad smile.

"I believe it is only my ignorance," she says, presently. "I believe marrying with every one is a mere question of habit. I shall get used to this man. Most likely if Michael and I had married I should have tired of him after a bit. Nothing in the world frets me so much as want of money, at any rate, and I shall never know that want now, and Richard—it is so hard to call him Richard!—is very kind, and when I get used to him it won't be all so—" Here she throws herself upon a chair, and puts her hands before her eyes, and tries only to think of her jewels and her dress. It seems as if she had succeeded, for both jewels and dress are faultless; yet, when the girl lays her head on her pillow, she sobs as if her heart were breaking.

"It is all too hurried"—the words come in broken gasps. "I ought to have had time to forget— If I only had known Mr. Wood first!—O mother, it is all your fault!"

Carl Schimmel did not go to see his friend again that day.

"If the news is good he will seek me; if not, he had better digest it alone. Bad news and a pipe are the best companions," he thinks, stolidly, but he gives a deep sigh, too.

He goes down to the works next morning. The Herr Engineer was indisposed yesterday, he hears—did not come to the works all day. The foreman comes to the Herr Schimmel, and asks if he is going to see the Herr Engineer.

"I can go;" and Carl turns, half gladly, half unwillingly, to the quaint house at the foot of the hill.

Michael rises from his seat beside the stove. He is very pale, but there is no sign of grief on his face. It seems to Carl that his friend is hard and stern for the first time.

They talk on indifferent subjects for some time; but, when Carl gets up to go away, he holds Michael's hand, and gives a long, wistful, questioning look.

Such a bitter smile meets him for answer. "My fool's paradise is over," says the Englishman. "You were right, my friend—except that there was no caprice or change—she never loved me."

V.

NEARLY a year and a half since Georgie Needham sobbed herself to sleep.

Looking at her now, you would fancy tears rare visitors in those handsome, dark-gray eyes and that exquisitely-tinted face. There is, perhaps, a look of weariness in the eyelids which was not there a year ago, and there is a permanent haughtiness in the firmly-closed lips which used to be only an occasional expression—but she is a finer, much handsomer woman. She is dressed faultlessly, although, in her mother-in-law's opinion, "Georgie puts on far too few ornaments by half." All in white, with diamonds in her bright hair, and the splendid pearl necklace with its pendants resting on her beautiful bosom, she looks like a pale empress beside her poppy-cheeked mother-in-law.

Mrs. Wood chatters incessantly, and at some of the loud, personal remarks that escape her, a deep flush comes on the younger woman's cheeks.

"I should say, Georgie my dear, that Sir Benjamin had a good chance of being in the Bench before the year's out. I know all about his affairs; they're quite shaky, and how he can afford to buy pictures and call them crinkum-krankums, is more than I can tell." She lowers her voice a little. "He's a regular beggar on horseback. Spend as much as you please on eating, and drinking, and pleasuring, and dress, of course, and have your 'ouse liberally and totally fitted, but as to all these decorations, and pictures, and gimeracks, lor, they're quite unnecessary. No sensible people would do it. Why, I hear he gives a thousand pounds and more for a picture."

"I don't agree with you—look what amusement and pleasure people find in them."

Georgie looked toward the well-dressed groups chatting here and there about the pictures, and china, and innumerable objects of art or rare manufacture which stored Sir Benjamin Lacy's rooms.

"I don't see it," said Mrs. Wood. "When I go out I like a good dinner or a ball. If I want curiosities to look at I can get 'em for nothing at a museum or picture-gallery, and only think how many good dinners, and fine clothes, and jewels, are locked up in these pictures and the rest.—Good gracious!" her color deepened to purple as she laid her hand on her daughter-in-law's—"I say, Georgie, here's a friend of yours coming this way; that young Radcliffe, you know." She looked sharply at her companion. "Goodness, child, remember who you are, and Richard's wife, too. You've gone that white it's dreadful! Pinch your cheeks, do."

But Georgie, with a great effort, steadies her swimming senses.

"I feel faint with the heat"—she tries to smile—"no wonder I look white. I think it would be cooler in the other room."

She makes an effort to rise, but Mrs. Wood puts a fat hand on her arm and pushes her down into her chair again.

"Quiet, my dear," she says, good-naturedly. "Quite natural you should feel a little flurried at seeing an old sooter, but once over you'll never mind it again. Here he comes, and there are those Thompson girls close behind him, and I do believe they're coming to see how you'll manage. You must smile, and shake hands, and be quite friendly, you know; you must, indeed."

To Georgie's horror, Mrs. Wood begins to nod and beckon to some one in front of them.

She cannot look up. She feels in a sort of agonized dream, from which there is no escape. A slight bustle rouses her; it is her husband's loud, coarse voice as he comes up and stands beside her.

She feels she must be very careful not to give him any cause for jealousy. Richard Wood is a doting husband, but, with all his lavish fondness, he is as jealous as Bluebeard himself. She knows that if he once discovered she married him only for his money her life would be more unhappy than it is, for, with all her wealth, she is not happy.

She looks up and sees Michael Radcliffe shaking hands with her mother-in-law.

"Ah, Mr. Radcliffe, how d'ye do?" she smiles; "we did not know you were in England."

"I am only just arrived. I hope you are well." Michael speaks as coldly and easily as she does, and then he bows to Georgie and passes on.

It is over; he is gone. Ah, how handsome he is! and will he never be more to her than this again? What is the meaning of the sharp agony that tears her heart till she feels ill and faint indeed? But not for long; her husband's voice rouses her.

"Who the devil's that fellow, Georgie? I wish you would introduce your friends to me."

"You see, my dear, it was me who spoke to him," says the good-natured mother-in-law. "I told Georgie a girl should always be friendly to an old sweetheart, for fear of what people may say."

Mr. Richard Wood mutters something about women being confounded fools, and then he asks his wife if she is not ready to go home.

"Home," Georgie says the word over to herself as she drives in her luxurious carriage to the splendid house in Palace Gardens she inhabits—home with these two daily companions of her life.

"He never loved me," she says, bitterly; the tears flow down silently, and she dares not wipe them away, for her husband sits opposite. "He could not have been so self-possessed and smiling had he ever cared for me."

Carl Schimmel has come to England with his friend, and they walk home together after the conversation.

"That was the lady, I suppose?" said

Carl; "she is really very handsome; but, my friend, thou hast had an escape, she is heartless and cold as a stone. She has her rich husband, that is enough for her."

"I am sure you are right," Michael said, simply. "I have had an escape, and I look upon this evening as a great blessing, my friend. Next time I fall in love, if I ever do—which I think is very doubtful—I shall try to be sure whether I am worshipping a real woman or a creation of my own. Work shall be my idol for the future."

Nevertheless Michael Radcliffe did fall in love again; married, and was very happy.

And in this way the world is deceived and deceives itself.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

THE LATEST ASPECTS OF LONGEVITY.

IT is natural that the season of centennial celebrations which has lately opened should bring to light a good many alleged cases of extreme old age. It adds so much to the interest of commemorations of these notable historic events to have the survivors of them among us that there is a great temptation to exaggerate the length of years of persons who lived near enough to the Revolutionary period to be almost associated with its stirring scenes. As a New York illustrated journal of high respectability has lately (May 1st) given an account of a person who is modestly called "the oldest man in the Union, in all probability," and whose age is said to be about one hundred and fifteen years, there would seem to be a good chance of having our various centennial celebrations dignified by the presence of individuals old enough to remember, if not to have participated in, the opening scenes of the drama of the American Revolution. It would appear, therefore, somewhat singular that at the recent celebrations at Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, there were no contemporaries of the participants in those contests; for it is reasonable to suppose that, if any were alive, they would have been secured for those occasions. The writer happened to ride in the procession at Concord behind a venerable soldier with a lofty and somewhat grotesque-looking plume in his *chapeau*, who was by some people supposed to be a relic of the Revolution, and was accordingly pestered with inquiries about the other "embattled farmers" of the period. It turned out, however, that he was only an 1812 man, a survivor of what, though no longer known as "the last war," is still a good way removed from the struggle for independence. In fact, the oldest man whom I saw in the Concord pavilion only claimed to be ninety-four, but, as he did not exhibit any documentary evidence to that effect, and his stout and hearty *physique* and ruddy complexion were decidedly against it, it is no wonder that, as a disciple of the skeptical Mr. Thoms, I mentally deducted ten or fifteen years from this age.

It is interesting to recall the fact that when Mr. Webster, fifty years ago, delivered his famous oration at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, about two hundred

veterans of the Revolution, of whom forty were survivors of the battle, were present with Lafayette, but even then, according to Mr. Frothingham, their emaciated frames, tottering limbs, and trembling voices, told of the ravages which Time had made upon them. Eighteen years later, when the same great orator and statesman, who had addressed them as "venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation," delivered an oration on the completion of the monument, only thirteen veterans of Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill, remained to hear him, and the lapse of forty-two years has left none of them among the living!

Before the "oldest man in the Union, in all probability," as *Harper's Weekly* calls its latest hero of longevity, can establish his claim to the great age of one hundred and fifteen, he must present more satisfactory evidence in favor of it than has yet appeared. In fact, when the journal that champions him with pen and pencil says that "reports differ a little as to Mr. Griffin's precise age," we are prepared for the delightful discrepancy between the statement of his present wife, whom he married about twenty-five years ago, that he is one hundred and three, and the "other evidences and testimony that make him out to be about one hundred and fifteen." What the other evidences and testimony are is not stated, and, in default of documentary proof, it is, of course, too much to assume that he has reached a period which no human being that ever lived is positively proved to have attained, or even that he has rounded the exceptional limit of a century of life. To be sure, this old man is said to recall distinctly the departure of his brothers for the army, to take part in the struggle for independence; but the memory of old people is proverbially treacherous as to what happened in their early life, and nothing is more common than for them to confound their remembrances of a noted occurrence with the public talk of it long afterward. Thus Henry Jenkins, the man whose name has come down to us as that of the longest-lived individual in modern times, had his story generally credited, and even admitted into the *Transactions of the Royal Society of England*, on the strength of his statement that he remembered the battle of Flodden Field, which was fought one hundred and fifty-two years before, when he was twelve years old. As Jenkins's claims to this extreme longevity have lately been shown by Mr. Thoms, Professor Owen, and other investigators, to be unfounded, it is supposed that he may have heard the accounts of the battle so often that he finally thought he recollected it instead of them. In the same way the alleged ante-Revolutionary veteran of our own time, if only ninety years of age instead of one hundred and fifteen, may, as he says, have had brothers in the Revolutionary War, and long afterward have heard their stories about its opening scenes, so that in time his remembrance of their accounts of their departure for the battle-field would assume the form of his recollection of seeing them as they went. The chances are, however, that, instead of brothers, he had a father or an uncle in that war, and memory is, supposing him to be an honest man, playing tricks with

his ideas of relationship, as well as of his age.

Some other recent cases of alleged extreme longevity are worth noticing in connection with the results of modern investigation into the subject. Thus, a cable-dispatch from Paris, April 30th, to the *New York papers*, announced the death of Baron Jean Frédéric de Waldeck, at the age of one hundred and nine years. Having been born, according to this account, on March 16, 1766, he was, if it is true, nine years old at the outbreak of our Revolutionary War. It is said that he taught Marie Antoinette to play upon the harp, and instructed her in Italian during the first years of her sojourn in France. Intimate, as he told a newspaper correspondent, with Robespierre, and having Camille Desmoulins for his dearest friend, a staff-officer of Kléber in Egypt, and fighting under Napoleon at Austerlitz, he had, according to his own story, been a witness of all the leading political changes in France since the days of Louis XVI. That a participant in all these events should have only just died seems sufficiently strange, but the additional and in many respects contradictory accounts of his adventures, which were telegraphed to the London papers, make the case still more curious. These stories represent him as an African explorer with Levaillant in 1785, and as subsequently having had varied experiences in Egypt, Italy, Central and South America, as a soldier, traveler, archaeologist, and engineer. In view of these sensational and contradictory dispatches, it is interesting to find Mr. Thoms, in the *London Times* of May 6th, disputing the claims of Count Waldeck, which had been vouched for by the Paris correspondent of that journal. It appears that the indefatigable investigator of centenarianism had often sought to secure from Count Waldeck proof of his alleged extreme longevity, but without success. The impression produced by the old man upon a friend of Mr. Thoms's, who called upon the count for the purpose of testing his age, was one of unreality and exaggeration. It appears that the contradictory statements in the obituary dispatches to the *New York* and *London papers* as to the incidents of his life had been exhibited in previous reports—a fact which unsettles confidence in any of them. That the old gentleman was largely indebted to his imagination for his age is the opinion of Mr. Thoms, the conclusion of whose letter to the *Times* puts the case on its true basis: "When I add that in returning thanks to his friends for drinking his health on his birthday in 1874, he concluded with this startling announcement—'Mon grand-père a vécu jusqu'à 162 ans; et je suis le 21me centenaire de ma famille'—your readers will probably share my feeling that the one hundred and nine years of Count Waldeck cannot be admitted as proved until evidence has been produced as exceptionally strong, clear, and irrefragable, as the age claimed is exceptionally extreme."

The same may be said of the claims of Elizabeth Leatherland, which Sir G. Duncan Gibb has recently brought to the attention of the English medical journals. Sir George is said to be confident that this person, whose death has

lately occurred, reached the remarkable age of one hundred and eleven years; but, until the evidence in her case has been presented and sifted, she cannot be allowed a place even on the small roll of centenarians, to say nothing of a wholly exceptional position as the oldest individual on record. It is interesting to learn that the venerable deceased was little and lively, and of pure gypsy descent, and that though her sight was not particularly good, she was able to knit twinebags almost to the last; but these facts, if they prove any thing, tend to take off something from the age of a person whose antecedents and vitality near the close of an exceptionally long life favor the idea that she was much younger than she assumed to be.

The cases thus far referred to, of what have been aptly termed ultra-centenarians, must be decided, in the absence of that positive, convincing evidence which none of them exhibit, on the strength of the latest results of scientific research, which fix the extreme limit of human life at one hundred and five years. It is obvious that the records of insurance-offices afford no unimportant evidence of the extreme duration of existence among men and women. The position of the insured as regards health and the chances of life, based not only upon the acceptance of the risk by the companies, but upon the care and forethought and presumably comfortable pecuniary condition of the applicant, illustrates a state of things very favorable to longevity. And yet, among the thousands of persons who have been insured in England, there has been, according to the report of the registrar-general, but a single case of centenarianism—that of Jacob William Luning, who died in 1870, at the age of one hundred and three years. It is obvious that the age given by an applicant for insurance is not likely to be overstated, as this would be against his interest, but the ordinary claimant to centenarianism has an object in the increased consideration likely to accrue to him, and if he is one of the mendicant fraternity, this extreme longevity is a strong appeal to the sympathies of the charitable. Quaint old Thomas Fuller illustrated the proverbial tendency of persons of advanced years to add to them when he said, "Many old men set the clock of their age forward when past seventy." As confirming the experience of the English insurance-offices in regard to centenarianism, that of the National Debt Office, which records only two authenticated cases between 1790 and 1872, is important. In this country, there have been a number of well-established instances of persons living beyond a century, but they are few, indeed, as compared with those which rest on insufficient evidence. Four graduates of Harvard College have been centenarians, and if we accept the statement in the report of the Health Department of New York City, for 1873, ninety-one persons had, during the previous ten years, died there at or beyond a hundred years of age. In these cases, as reported, however, the absence of any evidence of such extreme longevity, except that furnished by the assertion of the individual, the belief of his friends or attending physician,

deprives them of the authenticity which indubitable documentary proof alone can furnish. The fact that most of these centenarians are Irish or colored widows throws great doubt upon the legitimacy of their claims, for in their position the means of verifying them would naturally be inadequate. One of these persons, a woman of color, called Mary Ann Bastine, who died ten years ago at the alleged age of one hundred and eighteen, which would make her twenty-eight years older than the republic, is said to have been born and passed all her life in New York. In her case, at least, the registry of her birth or baptism, in connection with other facts of record, would throw some light on the question of her age, but, in default of such evidence, the extreme longevity claimed for her cannot be accepted.

In reference to the difficulty of authenticating the cases of alleged centenarianism just mentioned among Irish and colored widows, the remarks of the English registrar-general seem appropriate. After mentioning the fact that two-thirds of the centenarians returned by the census are women, he adds that "several of them in England are natives of parishes in Ireland or Scotland where no efficient system of registration exists; few of them reside in the parishes where they were born and have been known from youth; many of the old people are paupers, and probably illiterate—so that it would no doubt be difficult to obtain the documentary evidence which can alone be accepted as conclusive proof of such extraordinary ages." It may be remarked here that the statements of age in the reports of the English registrar-general, which are often quoted as decisive evidence of the claims of centenarians there mentioned, do not pretend to be the results of official verification, but are merely given, like other particulars, from information of relatives or other persons, regarding the death. From this it is easy to see that the average of seventy-eight deaths of centenarians a year, from 1861 to 1871, in England, as deduced from the registry, is of no value in settling the vexed question of longevity. Whenever the department is able to investigate any exceptional case of this kind, the report is made in "The Weekly Return," and it is very seldom that the result bears out the claims of centenarianism. Even documentary evidence, as Mr. Thoms shows in his interesting treatise, cannot be relied upon until it has been thoroughly sifted. Parish registers are often misleading in such matters, from the danger of confounding the supposed centenarian with another person of the same name, especially when belonging to the same family, it being not uncommon for parents to give one name to successive children when one or more have died young. As the persons present at the baptism of an individual of such advanced age are usually all dead, there is need of great care in examining the secondary and circumstantial evidence which is put forward to establish his identity. That inscriptions on tombstones are often as untrustworthy in regard to the age as they proverbially are to the characters of those who lie beneath them has been abundantly proved in many cases of alleged centenarianism. The way in which

credence is given to such cases is well illustrated by the examples of the three typical representatives of extreme longevity in modern times—the Countess of Desmond, Henry Jenkins, and Thomas Parr.

The old countess's claim to one hundred and sixty-two or one hundred and sixty-three years was based on Horace Walpole's mistaken identification of her with another member of the family, and the statement that she had danced with Richard III., while perhaps justifying Tom Moore's reference to her as "that frisky old girl," was assumed by Walpole on mere oral tradition. As the *Quarterly* and *Dublin Review* and Mr. Thoms have completely annihilated the claims of the countess to extreme longevity, there is no need of dwelling upon them here. Henry Jenkins was also born before the days of parish registers, and, being a professional beggar, his own story of his age, which is the mainstay of the long-current belief that he was one hundred and sixty-nine years old, is not credible. His alleged recollection of Flodden Field, which was fought one hundred and fifty-two years before, was, as we have said, admitting his honesty, only a recollection of the public talk of it long afterward. That his integrity in such matters was not above reproach was shown by the reproach he got from the judge for swearing to a circumstance that occurred one hundred and twenty years before. Considerable stress has been laid upon the testimony of "divers ancient witnesses" that Jenkins was a very old man when they first knew him, but, as their own age at that time is not mentioned, his cannot be reasonably supposed to be wholly exceptional on such evidence. It is highly probable that both Jenkins and Parr were centenarians, and possible that they had reached one hundred and two or one hundred and three years of age. The only reason for crediting Thomas Parr with one hundred and fifty-two years of life is the statement of the eminent physiologist who dissected him; but, as Harvey merely reported what was stated by others, and made no personal investigation into the matter, Professor Owen agrees with Mr. Thoms that there is no authentic evidence on scientifically acceptable ground of Parr's precise age.

As for the claims of the festive old soldier who has been dined and wine in New York for several years past on the strength of his having been born in 1766, and who on this theory is now one hundred and nine years old, a critical examination of his claims by the light of the British Army List shows that Lieutenant Lahrbusch (for he never was a captain) is more likely, as Mr. Thoms concludes, to be eighty-nine than one hundred and nine. Cashiered in 1818, when he was, if born in 1766, fifty-two years of age, for what he afterward pleaded were "youthful errors," after nine instead of his alleged twenty-nine years of service, a deduction of twenty years from his assumed longevity may reasonably be made, even at the risk of spoiling the fine stories about his serving with the Duke of York in the Low Countries in 1793, with Lord Cornwallis in Ireland in 1798, with Nelson at Copenhagen in 1801, and witnessing the interview between

Napoleon and Alexander which led to the Peace of Tilsit in 1807.

Professor Owen has shown that the age of the patriarchs, as given in the literal version of the first chapter of Genesis, is inconsistent with physiological laws regulating the length of human life, which bears, as with other animals, a certain proportion to the period of growth; and is inexorably limited in a state of nature by the progressive hardening of the tissues and the gradual destruction of the teeth. A sound Biblical criticism is not opposed to these views, which harmonize with the expressions of the Hebrew Psalmist in regard to the longevity of man. But, although human existence is seldom prolonged to a century, the improvements effected by modern civilization have so increased its average term that there seems no reason why, in time, a hundred years, declared by Flourens and Buffon to be the natural, may not become the actual limit of life with the majority of men and women. Dr. Gardner, the author of a recent English work on longevity, fixes the beginning of old age at sixty-five, and, as all pathologists agree that most persons who live to eighty, or ninety, or longer, die from preventable or curable diseases, the advance of sanitary science and of general intelligence and comfort is likely to make the approximation to one hundred years of life more and more common. Whatever promotes the harmonious development of humanity in its varied functions, both of body and mind, is conducive to long life. It is in this way that matrimony is favorable to longevity, whether we regard the former as the cause, or, as Herbert Spencer, in his recent ingenious "Study of Sociology," maintains, as the effect of the latter, the instinct tending to marriage, and the ability to meet its responsibilities, determining, in his view, whether life shall be long or short. Hereditary influences also strongly affect this question, and Dr. Nathan Allen, a high authority, thinks it doubtful whether any individuals have reached a very great age without having had immediate or remote ancestors who have also been very long-lived. The inherited tendency to longevity, he adds, is strongest where the family is large and all its members reach a great age. Some striking illustrations of this are furnished by causes occurring in Massachusetts, the most notable being in his own family in the town of Barre, the average age of the ten children of Nehemiah Allen—four sons and six daughters—reaching eighty-eight years, eight months, and twenty days, which the doctor considers unexampled in the whole history of New England. Although centenarianism is more common among the poor than the rich, yet this is not because of the condition of the former being more favorable to longevity than that of the latter, as the fact is the other way, but in consequence of their greater numbers. Curiously enough, however, neither Sir G. Cornewall Lewis nor Mr. Thoms has found any well-authenticated instances of centenarianism in the British peerage. Still, Palmerston dying at eighty-one, Brougham at eighty-nine, Campbell at eighty-three, St. Leonard at ninety-four, and Earl Russell still active in mind at eighty-three, make a very good show-

ing for the lords, though democracy can surpass them with John Adams living till ninety, Jefferson till eighty-three, Josiah Quincy dying at ninety-two, and Horace Binney alive to-day at ninety-five. All these cases prove also that intellectual activity of a high order is favorable to longevity, which in general may be said to depend upon the healthy, equable development of the bodily and mental powers.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

THE STRANGEST THINGS IN LIFE.

ONE breathless afternoon in August, 1874, as I was lounging under an ancient maple that overhangs a river, and wondering why the world could not come to an end before my funds gave out, which were just then running low, a letter was put into my hands. It read as follows:

"MUNSTER, NEAR STREATOR,
ILLINOIS, August 25, 1874.

"BROTHER FAIRFIELD: I just now read your article in the *Springfield Republican* in reference to spiritualism. You set out to hunt for one thing, and actually stumbled upon another thing, of vastly more importance than the thing for which you were hunting. Good! Accidents will happen in the best of families. You don't say whether you found a psychological basis for inspiration or not, but I presume you did. I am an honest investigator of spiritualism, and now I wish to inquire if your unconscious-cerebration and nervous-lesion theory will cover all the ground and explain all spiritual phenomena. I will give you a case that occurred in my own house—not a phantom case, but a real one. It was in the dead of winter, in a country-house, more than twenty-five miles from any city or hot-house where plants and flowers might be growing. A circle was held one evening, and, among other phenomena upon the table, fresh, dewy, and odoriferous flowers—a large bouquet of them—suddenly formed where an instant previous there had been nothing. They were certainly not placed there by any visible hand, but a shining vapor at the same point preceded them for an instant. Now, where did they come from? The flowers remained on the table for some days, until they withered away and were picked to pieces by me. The spirits said they created them then and there from substance and element that they drew from Nature. Did they lie, or were they only phantom flowers incubated according to your theory? Will you please answer? If you can solve this case, I have others still more difficult which I would like to bring to your consideration. If you have struck bottom or found the key that unlocks this great modern mystery, you have done well even if you were not hunting for it when you found it. Inclosed find the devil's due-bill, which I take the liberty of presenting.

"Yours for progress,
"JOHN SYPHERS."

This was written on a large folio of paper rather more than a foot square, on the re-

verse of which was a three-column article, by Mr. Syphers, under the startling caption, "Give the Devil his Due," concluding with the following resolution in due and proper form:

"In consideration, then, of his great services to our race, and for his many inventions and discoveries, I move that steps be immediately taken toward rearing for him a monument—an alabaster shaft of fame—whose lofty height shall pierce the stormy clouds and lift its towering head to heaven, bearing in golden capitals this inscription:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

THE DEVIL,

WHOSE DEEDS, WHOSE GLORIOUS DEEDS,
HAVE RENDERED HIS NAME IMMORTAL."

I ran over the article amusedly, then over the letter again, with its obviously satirical intention, and its vague cant about substance and element—two words very familiar to those who have studied the literature of spiritualism, and invested with a mystic significance by philosophers as to the nature of so-called spiritual phenomena. Finally, I put the missive in my pocket, and went on with my day-dream, piecing together odds and ends of supernatural tales, until one of the strange aphorisms of Novalis intruded into my reveries. It was this, which most readers of German literature will remember in the original: "The soul is the most active of all poisons; it is the most penetrating and diffusible of stimulants." And this, by one of those singular sequences that could only occur on a summer afternoon, under an ancient maple, with a river purling in one's ear, recalled the death of poor Pabodie, William J. Pabodie the poet, who is represented in Griswold's collection. He was the friend of Edgar A. Poe, and had, I fear, caught something of the mad spirit of his friend. He died by his own hand in November, 1870. "Unfortunately addicted to the opium-habit, and having a feeble will," writes a medical gentleman to me, who attended him in his last illness, "he was unable to overcome his longing for the drug. I tried my best to aid him, but failed, and so from being by nature cowardly, and shrinking from the grim free-booter, he finally took with a gentle smile the cup of death, and died thanking the god of healing who had cured him of the disease of life. On reflecting upon his case and many others I have known," continues his medical adviser, in the same letter, "I discern the abstract truth of the fancy of Novalis—'Inoculation with death, also, will not be wanting in some future universal therapia.'"

Ah, the few souls that have this strange sympathy with death and ghostliness, whom science styles of insane temperament, but who style themselves the sanest of the sane! They are poets generally, with flashes about them of new senses—particularly, of an inward sense that never comes to saner and more accurately-balanced organizations, and which to them is

"Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes,
As in the deepest trances men
Forget the dream that happens then,
Until they fall in trance again."

There are strange things in life. They pass mostly as coincidences. But the other night, in an up-town residence, died a man whose life had been passed in Wall Street, in the business of a broker. At a few minutes past eleven o'clock, as the man's eyes were dimming with the last sight of earth, he asked an attendant to repeat the familiar hymn commencing—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

Nothing very singular about this request from a man whose eyes were glazing. But, at that exact hour and minute, a lady living squares away waked up from a dream, in which she had seemed to be standing by the death-bed of this man, and he had requested her to sing that hymn to him. By what strange agency the wish of the dying man was transmitted to a sleeping acquaintance, squares distant, and reflected as a dream, is one of those problems that must engage scientific attention one of these days, when the mystery of life has yielded up so many of its more material facts that interest in that important direction has waned a little. At present, occurrences of this type are regarded as startling coincidences, but not as inductive evidence of the existence of a region not yet explored by science—a region of dreams and spectres and morbid imaginings, in the main, but one that occasionally yields strange and inexplicable facts.

My own correspondence furnishes a curious portfolio of such psychological data, some of them transcending the wildest creations of the professional romancer.

The wife of a well-known physician, resident in one of the larger cities of Illinois, sends me a curious transcript of the dream-experiences of her husband. I will permit her to tell the story in her own way:

"Throughout a large obstetrical practice, covering a period of ten or twelve years, my husband has," says she, "been able before leaving home to foretell with unerring certainty the sex of any infant he has been called upon to usher into the world during a series of cases numbering hundreds. The birth of a boy is invariably preceded by the dream of seeing a man shot; while that of a girl is not preceded by any particular dream. The phenomenon has probably attended his whole medical career, but at first it was naturally regarded as a mere coincidence, and it has only fixed itself in his mind by constant repetition. I recall an event that took place fifteen years ago, before the dream had yet impressed him with the force of a revelation. He dreamed one night of hearing the report of a gun and seeing a man fall, and, on examination, he found two men dead on the grass. He was awakened to visit a lady residing in the country, some miles distant. On the way thither he recounted to the messenger—the husband of his patient, by-the-way—the details of the dream from which he had just been awakened. The man remarked that he had a similar dream before he was called up and sent for the doctor. The latter had dreamed that he had gone out gunning and shot a young deer, and that, on arriving at the spot where the animal had fallen, he found there were two of them. The lady be-

came the mother of twin boys. About three months ago, my husband waked up near midnight one night and said he had had his dream, with an attendant circumstance that impressed him with the premonition of a fatal case; for, after seeing the prostrate body once, as was usual with him, it had reappeared, floating slowly before him, horribly mangled, a portion of the spinal column being torn away. He had scarcely finished this recital, when he was summoned to attend a patient living nine miles from the city. She became the mother of a boy, and he left her at four p. m., apparently in a condition favorable to recovery, although the impression of impending peril and fatality was still, to his own consciousness, as vivid as ever. At midnight that night he was again hastily summoned to visit the patient. But she was already moribund, and death resulted a few minutes after his arrival, from the stranding of a blood-clot in the heart. He has often had dreams that seemed to foreshadow coming events, but these are only sporadic phenomena, while the special dream I have mentioned has been as constant in its sequence as the succession of day to night. He is also habitually clairvoyant—hyperesthesia of the optic nerve, he calls it; and frequently, when I wake up in the night and ask what time it is, he will tell me to the instant, and say that he can see the dial of his Waltham, which he always leaves in his vest-pocket, and which is inclosed in double cases, as distinctly as though it were daylight and he was holding the open instrument in his hand. This, however, only occurs in paroxysms. My husband's temperament is markedly cerebral. My own temperament is less mental, but, from my earliest recollection, I have been periodically subject in the dark to a peculiar optic phenomenon—forms, faces, and beautiful landscapes suffused with light floating before my eyes and the darkness seeming to be illuminated. I can still recall the phenomenon by an effort of the will. I am, also, frequently awakened from sleep by far-away voices calling me, or by the pressure of a hand, and, on starting up, see forms and faces, moving away from the foot of the bed, and repeating my own name over and over in low tones, but with striking distinctness. When I am in good health these dream and trance experiences seldom occur; but the moment I am enfeebled and nervous they return, with all their primitive force."

Dr. Maudsley, in one of his later volumes, adduces biographical memoranda to show that this peculiar capability of reflex action in the optic nerve is by no means uncommon with artists and poets. Shelley's power of realizing the phantoms of his imagination as actual visions has been adverted to by several who knew him intimately. It is an established fact that many artists and poets—and particularly those noted for vividness and weird magnificence of imagination—have been specially endowed with the faculty of realizing their imaginings optically, and have thus been indebted for their picturesqueness of execution to morbid affection of the optic nerve; and, in tracing the genesis of imaginative production, it is not infrequent to find peculiar fecundity of invention existing as

the exponent of some mere peculiarity of nervous organization, that seems trifling in itself, but is tremendous in its consequences. Thus, in a recent letter, Tennyson confesses that he is subject to nervous paroxysms assimilated to trance, the inception of which is marked by a monotonous repetition of his own name, succeeded by a psychical exaltation in which the consciousness of self is for the moment lost in the consciousness of abstract being; and, in the light of this confession, the acute psychologist is able to unravel his peculiar imaginings and trace them to their causes in actual experience, and to indicate the source of certain mannerisms that professional critics have deemed inexplicable.

Did you ever have a beautiful fancy just draw the curtains back and peep out from its cranny in the brain, then vanish never to return? If you have, you are capable of appreciating many an obscure and dreamy passage of Tennyson, and of understanding how it is that all that is highest and most beautiful in our natures comes in glimpses and paroxysms, and often stays not long enough to be caught and lucidly expressed. In one aspect of Mr. Tennyson's literature man is a fly:

"To-day I saw the dragon-fly
Come from the wells where he did lie.
An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk: from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
He dried his wings: like gauze they grew;
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew."

From one point of view this is his philosophy of human life. Men are but insects with a spinal column—

"Each worm of them beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon
Spins, tolling out his own cocoon."

That is all—the story of every man's life, so far as science has any thing to say about it. The paroxysms of the poet have furnished him with a solution of the problem. He believes, with the mystics, with the illuminati, with the spiritualists, that, at the very core of life, within, within, and still within, is found the interpretation of its dream. His way of expressing it is—

"Heaven opens inward, fissures yawn,
Vast images in glimmering dawn,
Half-shown, are broken and withdrawn."

In some of its aspects life is a revelation of the superhuman and of the preternatural, and it is upon these aspects principally that Mr. Tennyson's imagination dwells lovingly, constantly contrasting them with the other and more material.

A very strange story is told by a Staten Island physician. In his younger days this gentleman was one of the medical staff at a Swiss hospital situated on Lake Constance. One of the patients, subject to epileptic paroxysms, was his special study. During these attacks this patient would often foretell what would occur while the next paroxysm was on her, and the exact instant when it would supervene. On one occasion she foretold that the next night she should leave her bed and walk on the waters of the lake. By way of verifying the prediction, she was left to herself, her physician, among others, taking care to observe her movements. He states

that, in the midst of this paroxysm, the patient left her bed, went down to the shore, and walked out on the water thirty feet or farther, and back again, as though the element had been a solid platform. It should be added that this patient was not aware of the nature of her predictions after recovering from her attacks.

I have another strange story in my portfolio, which is worth telling as an addition to the literature of nervous perversion. It runs thus: In 1837, the late Colonel William L. Stone, of this city, sent a letter to his brother-in-law, President Wayland, of Brown University, with a view of testing the clairvoyance of a young girl who was just then the subject of considerable gossip in the city of Providence, Rhode Island. The letter was first wrapped in several sheets of heavy, opaque paper, then placed in a thick envelope, carefully sealed, and stamped with the arms of Colonel Stone. On the reception of this letter, according to instructions, and without knowing the contents, Dr. Wayland, in company with Professor Goddard, of the university, called on the girl. While in the trance-state the letter was placed at the back of her head, and she was requested to read it, which she did, Professor Goddard taking down her version, word for word, as it fell from her lips. The version and the letter, still unopened, were then placed in an envelope, and returned by mail to Colonel Stone in this city, who, on examination, found that it had been accurately interpreted word for word. The girl was uncultured and ignorant, and the contents of the letter were such as to have baffled her completely had she not been guided by an absolutely accurate perception. It commenced with this sentence: "The following is the title, equally quaint and curious, of a little volume published in the days of Oliver Cromwell." Then followed the title. Neither Dr. Wayland nor Professor Goddard was aware what Colonel Stone had written.

The case of the late T. B. Read, equally well known as poet and as artist, furnishes an instance of premonition worth a memorandum. Mr. Read—one of the most delicate physical organizations I have ever met—had a presentiment that he should not live to finish his fiftieth year, if even to complete his forty-ninth; and this presentiment was very constant with him during the last three or four years of life. He was not gloomy in view of it: temperament so sunny and *spirituel* as his could not give way to the sullen and purple glooms that are so frequent with men who have tasted life and fame and proved them to be dreams—one dream within another. But the conviction grew and rooted in his inner life, until it assumed the force of a revelation. He died before his fiftieth birthday came. Is it possible that, by some subtle intelligence, the processes of which are hidden from the every-day consciousness of men, the physical organization may calculate its own endurance with mathematical exactness, and foretell the day of its dissolution? There are many verified data that point to this conclusion. That the ordinary spiritualistic solution of these experiences has been seriously cogitated by Mr. Tennyson, his

poems furnish abundant evidence. A single passage from "In Memoriam" must answer as an example:

"If any vision should reveal
Thy likeness, I might count it vain,
As but the canker of the brain.
Yea, though it spoke and made appeal

"To places where our lots were cast
Together in the days behind,
I might but say, I hear a wind
Of memory murmuring the past.

"Yea, though it spoke and bared to view
A fact within the coming year,
And though the months, revolving near,
Should prove the phantom-warning true,

"They might not seem thy prophecies,
But spiritual presentiments,
And such refraction of events
As often rises ere they rise."

In considering these strange and occasional incidents of life, the question is whether they shall be regarded as psychological phenomena and as data for scientific analysis, or whether the ordinary construction of spiritualism shall be put upon them. My own observation, as well as my more general studies of the biographies of poets and artists, leads me to the conclusion that most highly-sensitive organizations are subject to experiences of the class that I have described, and they are facts that cannot be neglected in any system of psychology intended to take its place as the last word that science has to say on the deeper questions of life and consciousness. The theory of coincidence breaks down in view of the regularity and minuteness with which presentiments are often verified and presentimental dreams fulfilled. Let me give an instance. When I was a boy of seven or eight years old, an elder brother resided at a village called Hydeville, a few miles from the home farm, and was acquainted and somewhat intimate with a man named Durfy. He came home one Saturday and remained until Monday morning. On Sunday evening, among various topics, he discussed Durfy and their mutual projects. That night I dreamed that my brother and I were standing by the door in front of the old house, when a gentleman passed by in a sleigh. The gentleman nodded to my brother, who told me it was Durfy. I turned and went into the house. By the tall old clock in the east-room it was just eight o'clock to a minute. It must be premised that I did not know Mr. Durfy by sight, and had never been at Hydeville. I did not even think of the dream; but the next morning, after breakfast, it happened that my brother and myself were standing in the yard by the front door, when a gentleman passed in a sleigh—the very man, muffled to the eyes, wearing a fur cap; the very sleigh and horse that had passed in my dream the night before. And, on looking at the clock an instant after, it was exactly eight o'clock. The man was Mr. Durfy. I have had many such experiences, but quote this one because nothing hinged upon it, and because, saving the element of presentiment, it was of no importance whatever. But in what manner was it impressed upon me that a gentleman whom I did not know would pass at a given hour and minute, dressed in such and such a manner, in a sleigh of given color and contour, with all the

appurtenances that make up a perfect identity? The coincidence of the hour and minute constitutes, again, a very singular and inexplicable element of the verification.

A physician, practising in the city of Providence, Rhode Island, sends me his memoranda of a visit to the Eddy brothers, whose *séances* have excited such general attention:

"Last September," writes he, "I was in Rutland, Vermont, in company with a Vermont farmer, an intelligent man and a thorough skeptic. He proposed a visit to the Eddy house. It was an evening *séance*. In the course of the manifestations, a phantom, never before seen by the spectators present, appeared in full view on the platform. The audience were individually requested to ask, 'Is it for me?' When my companion's turn came, his question was answered by three loud knocks on the wall hard by the phantom, which answered to the name of Dr. C—, a brother-in-law. This man had never seen either of the Eddy brothers until he saw them that evening. Can it be that there was not present the essence of Dr. C—'s spirit, around which this visible and tangible presentation of him, that the farmer declared to be his brother-in-law to the life, clothed itself? At a *séance* that occurred here (in Providence) some years since, the medium, an ignorant boy, wrote a message which no person present save a sea-captain could read. The message reported the death of the harbor-master in Havana. The truth of the statement was afterward verified. I am not a believer in spiritualism, but I am unsatisfied with my own experiences and investigations, which have fallen far short of yours. I only wish you would dwell more at length on certain points, remembering that, while they are less important from your point of view than those which you discuss exhaustively, they are the very points that make most popular impression."

A gentleman, now doing business in Wall Street as a broker, but formerly of the staff of General Sterling Price, gives me the details of an encounter with Foster, a well-known medium, who is supposed to be the original of Margrave in the "Strange Story," by Bulwer. He attended the *séance* as a stranger in a strange city, taking a seat some thirty feet from the platform. The medium presently singled him out, and told him that a spirit wished to communicate with him, describing his former general to the life, and giving the name as Sterling Price. The gentleman declined to have any further transactions with his general. "There is another spirit," said Foster, "a little girl, standing just behind you, and she says her name is Minnie." "I never knew a girl of that name," replied the colonel, but, a moment after, he recollected that his little daughter, whose real name was Mary, had always called herself Minnie, although she was never mentioned in the family under that designation.

A medical man, now practising in this city, sends me a very dramatic instance of what is usually styled clairvoyance, which I will add to that related by Colonel Stone. In company with a medical associate he

called on a woman, who was just then exciting considerable interest in a Western city. After sitting a few minutes in ominous silence, a spasm shook the attenuated frame of the medium and she apparently slept. An instant after the supervention of the paroxysm, she commenced to laugh and giggle like a little girl. "My companion," says the narrator, "asked her rather savagely what she was laughing at. 'Have you forgotten, doctor,' giggled the woman, 'that morning when you dissected me up-garret, and how, when you cut into me, the blood spurted, and then you were frightened and ran away?' The man was astounded, and, on the way home, he confessed that the incident actually occurred when he was a young practitioner; that he had procured the cadaver of a little girl eight or ten years of age, and hidden it in the garret, and that, when he came to dissect it, the blood spurted at the first incision, and frightened him so, there alone in the night, that he ran down-stairs. Afterward, however, he went back and finished the dissection. 'But,' said he, 'I never told a living soul of that adventure, and how that cursed woman found it out passes my comprehension.'"

Another gentleman—a man of science, and one thoroughly versed in physical and electrical investigation—contributes to my portfolio the details of a visit of inquiry to Dr. Slade, a well-known medium of this city. He went as a stranger, and left without revealing his name. After a thorough examination of the table, which was of the ordinary type, and was provided with no appurtenances except a folding slate and a pencil tied to it with a cotton string, the investigator announced that he was satisfied. The doctor then bit off a piece of the pencil, placed it between the two slates, and they sat down, the inquirer holding the medium's hands under his own, on the table, from four to six feet from the point where the slate lay. They had sat in this manner perfectly silent for a few seconds, when a kind of paroxysm—a slight *accousse* of the arms and limbs—passed over the doctor. It was a mere shiver: something rather less than a shudder and rather more than a tremor. An instant later the pencil between the slates commenced to move, with a grating, rhythmical motion, apparently across and across. Then, with a flourish, it stopped, and the room was again silent. On examination, my informant found a message in the handwriting of his dead father; and the strangest part of it all was that the signature was exact even to a peculiar formation of the initial R. The message was of no consequence—a mere conventional thing, not worth transcribing.

I have thus hastily selected from a mass of correspondence, called out by the publication of a volume* on the subject, a series of cases that serve to illustrate the whole range of so-called spiritual phenomena. With one or two exceptions they rest upon the veracity of scientific men, and, without exception, they are from the diaries of men who dissent from the theories of spiritualism as totally and un-

* Ten Years with Spiritual Mediums. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

reservedly as I dissent from them, but who are satisfied, as I am, of the genuineness of the phenomena and of the urgent necessity to come to some scientific conclusion as to their etiology. They interest me from two aspects, namely, as respects the sources of the strange and apparently superhuman intelligence associated with them, and as psychological studies. With the accumulated testimony of such observers as Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, scarcely second to Darwin as a naturalist, and Professor Crookes, it is impossible, consistently with scientific candor, to dissent dogmatically from the genuineness of these phenomena. Careful observation is equally decisive as to the fact of their constant association with nervous paroxysms of the epileptic type, and experiments with the magnetic current on mediums in the trance-state have convinced me that they are indubitably morbid nervous phenomena, indebted for their sources of intelligence to a nervous atmosphere acting at considerable distances during the interval of the paroxysm. They call for a deeper science of psychology than that which has descended to English literature from Locke and the two Mills. The day has come to stop babbling about nervous centres, and, as Tennyson expresses it in one of his poems, to seek through all

"The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And find the law within the law,"

that is operative in these singular facts of psychical experience—the strangest things in life.

FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

AMERICA SEEN WITH FOREIGN EYES.

VIII.

NEW YORK IN EMBARGO-TIME.

MR. JOHN LAMBERT was a gentleman who visited this country in 1807. After a few months spent in Canada, he made his way to Albany by the usual Champlain route. It had been his intention to take passage for New York on the "steamboat, which, [he] was told, traveled at the rate of five miles an hour against wind and tide." He describes this boat, built about four years prior to his visit, as one hundred and sixty feet long, and propelled by a twenty-horse-power machine. When the wind was fair, light, square sails were used to increase her speed. Her accommodations included fifty-two berths, besides sofas, and were said to be equal, if not superior, to any vessel that sailed on the river. Her trips were made regularly twice a week, "sometimes in the short period of thirty-two hours;" fare, seven dollars. Ice, however, obstructed the upper channel, so he staged it to Hudson, and thence took passage on the Experiment, of one hundred and thirty tons, the finest on the river, with a saloon sixty feet by twenty, and fitted up regardless of expense. The fare by this mode of conveyance was five dollars, which gave the passenger three meals a day, including spirits.

He reached New York the next night

about ten o'clock. The wharves were crowded with shipping, whose tall masts mingled with the buildings, and, together with the spires and cupolas of the churches, gave the city an appearance of magnificence, which the gloomy obscurity of night served to increase. On the 25th of November (Evacuation-Day) he beheld a parade of the militia, who had assembled from different parts of the city, on "the grand battery by the water-side, . . . a lawn for the recreation of the inhabitants, and for the purpose of military parade." The troops did not amount to six hundred, and were gaudily dressed in a variety of uniforms, every ward in the city having a different one; some of them in helmets "appeared better suited to the theatre than the field. The general and his staff were in blue and buff, with large gold epaulets and feathers. One of the corps consisted wholly of Irishmen dressed in light-green jackets, white pantaloons, and helmets."

New York had by this time grown to be beyond doubt the first city in the United States for wealth, commerce, and population; the changes in twenty years had been marvelous. Land, which then sold for fifty dollars, was now worth fifteen hundred dollars; Broadway was upward of two miles in length, but only paved for a mile and a quarter; the remainder of the road consisted of straggling houses, the commencement of new streets already planned out. Much of the space between Broadway and the Bowery Road, and thence to the Hudson and East Rivers, was as yet unbuilt upon, and consisted only of unfinished streets and detached buildings. In the vicinity of the Battery, and for some distance up Broadway, the buildings were nearly all private houses, and occupied by the principal merchants and gentry of New York; after which the street was lined with large, commodious shops of every description, well-stocked with European and East-Indian goods, and "exhibiting as splendid and varied a show in their windows as can be met with in London."

The streets were well paved, the footways chiefly of brick. In Robinson Street, Lambert notes with surprise and admiration that the pavement and stoop before one of the houses were composed entirely of marble. Speaking of the park, he says that a court-house (the present City Hall) "is there building in a style of magnificence unequalled in many of the larger cities of Europe." Neither the park nor the Battery was then much resorted to by the fashionable citizens of New York, as they had become too common. The genteel lounge was in Broadway from eleven till three o'clock, during which time it was "as much crowded as the Bond Street of London; and the carriages, though not so numerous, were driven to and fro with as much velocity." The sidewalks were planted with poplars, which afforded an agreeable shade from the sun. The outside of the Park Theatre was in an unfinished state, but the interior was handsomely decorated and fitted up in as good style as the London theatres. It contained a large coffee-room with good-sized lobbies, and was reckoned to hold about twelve hundred persons. The scenes were well painted and nu-

merous; the machinery, dresses, and decorations, elegant and appropriate. The great fault with it was that all the pieces were curtailed, so that the performances might be over by half-past ten. The drama was a favorite in New York before the Revolution. During the time the city was in British possession, during the war, theatrical entertainments were very fashionable; the characters were mostly supported by officers of the army.

New York then had its Vauxhall and Ranelagh, but, although pleasant places of recreation, our traveler found them "poor imitations of those near London." Vauxhall Garden was situated in the Bowery, about two miles from the City Hall (a little south of what is now Astor Place). It was a neat plantation with gravel-walks, adorned with shrubs, trees, busts, and statues. In the centre stood a large equestrian statue of General Washington. Light musical pieces, interludes, etc., were performed in a small theatre situated in one corner of the garden; the audience sat, in what was called the pit and boxes, in the open air; the orchestra was built among the trees and a large apparatus constructed for the display of fireworks. The theatrical corps of New York was chiefly engaged at Vauxhall during the summer. The Ranelagh was a large hotel and garden, generally known by the name of Mount Pitt, situated by the water-side (near the old New York Hospital), and commanding some extensive and beautiful views of the city and its environs.

On his first visit to New York its business activity particularly astonished him. "All was noise and bustle; carriages driving in every direction; merchants and their clerks busily engaged in their counting-houses or upon the piers. The Tontine Coffee-House was filled with underwriters, brokers, merchants, traders, and politicians; its steps and balcony crowded with people bidding or listening to the several auctioneers, who had elevated themselves upon a hoghead of sugar, or a puncheon of rum, or a bale of cotton, and with stentorian voices were exclaiming: 'Once, twice!' 'another cent!' 'thank ye, gentlemen!' or were knocking down the goods, which took up one side of the street, to the best purchasers. Coffee-House Slip, and the corners of Wall and Pearl Streets, were jammed up with carts, drays, and wheelbarrows; the welkin rang with the busy hum," and Lambert came to the conclusion that New York was the Tyre of the New World. Six months later, on his return from a visit to Charleston, he found that all was changed. The port was full of shipping, but the vessels were dismantled and laid up. Not a box, bale, or cask, was to be seen upon the wharves. Many of the counting-houses were shut up, or advertised to be let; and the few solitary merchants, clerks, and porters, that were to be seen, were walking about with their hands in their pockets. The coffee-house was almost empty, save that a few, whose time hung heavy on their hands, called there to inquire after news from Europe or Washington. The streets near the water-side were almost deserted, and grass had begun to grow upon the wharves. Such were the effects of

the embargo, which, in the short space of five months, had "deprived the first commercial city in the United States of all its life, bustle, and activity; caused above one hundred and fifty bankruptcies, and completely annihilated its foreign commerce."

Lambert says that nervous disorders and debility were very prevalent among the inhabitants of the United States. He attributes this (for every one of these travelers has a theory ready to account for every thing he sees) to the constant use of cigars by the young men, even at an early age, which impaired their constitutions, and created a stimulus beyond what Nature required. The dread of yellow fever had promoted this consumption of tobacco. New York was regularly subjected to this terrible scourge. As soon as it made its appearance, the inhabitants shut up their shops and fled into the country. Those who could not go far on account of business, removed to Greenwich, a "small village on the Hudson, about two or three miles from town." Here the merchants and others had their offices, and carried on their business with little danger from the fever. The banks and other public offices also removed their business to this place; and markets were regularly established for the supply of the inhabitants. Upward of twenty-six thousand persons removed from the city and the streets near the water-side in 1805.

New York society, at the time of his visit, was divided into three distinct classes. The first was composed of the constituted authorities and government officers: divines, lawyers, and physicians of eminence; the principal merchants and people of independent property. The second comprised the small merchants, retail traders, clerks, etc.; the third consisted of the inferior orders of the people. The first set associated together "in a style of splendor little inferior to Europeans. Their houses were fitted with every thing that was useful, agreeable, or ornamental. The dress of the gentlemen was plain, elegant, and fashionable." The ladies were partial to the "light, various, and dashing drapery" of the French, though there were many who preferred the more subdued English costume. In promenading Broadway, Lambert was frequently tempted to believe that there existed a sort of rivalry among the New York beauties, as there did a century before among the ladies of England; and that, instead of a patch on the right or left cheek to denote a Whig or a Tory, he could distinguish a "pretty democrat à la mode Française from a sweet little Federalist à la mode Anglaise." Whether his surmise was correct or not, it was certain that Mrs. Toole and Madame Bouchard, the two rival leaders of fashion in bonnets, dresses, and lace, had each her partisans and admirers; the one because she was an English-woman; the other because she was French; and, if the ladies were not really divided as to politics, they were most unequivocally at issue with regard to dress.

Lambert found the young ladies of New York generally handsome, though partaking more of the lily than the rose. He saw but very few who used rouge, and vigorously champions them against the charge handed

down from traveler to traveler of their having bad teeth. Of dancing they were passionately fond, and in that accomplishment they were said to excel the ladies of every other city in the Union. He visited the City Assembly, which was held at the City Hotel, in Broadway, and considered as the best in New York. As it was the first night of the season, there were but one hundred and fifty persons present. The subscription was two dollars and fifty cents for each night, which included tea, coffee, and cold collation. None but those of the first-class society could become subscribers to this assembly. Another, however, had been recently established, by those leaders of the second class who had been excluded from the first. The subscription to this was made three dollars; its balls, too, were held at the City Hotel, and were so well conducted that many of the subscribers to the old assembly joined the new one, or subscribed to both.

Many of the young ladies were accomplished in music and drawing, as well as in dancing; but among the young men these accomplishments were but little cultivated. Billiards and smoking were their favorite amusements. A cigar was in their mouth from morning to night when in the house, and not unfrequently when walking in the street. A cigar-case was always carried in the coat-pocket, and handed occasionally to a friend, "as familiarly," says Lambert, "as our dashing youths take out their gold box and offer a pinch of snuff."

Sleighting was a favorite amusement with the New-Yorkers. Parties to dinners and dances were frequently made up in the winter-time, when the snow was on the ground. They proceeded in light carriages (cutters) a few miles out of town to some hotel or tavern, where the entertainment was kept up till a late hour, and the company returned home by torch-light. Marriages were conducted in splendid style, and formed an important part of the winter's entertainments. The young couple, attended by their nearest connections and friends, were married at home in magnificent style, and, if they were Episcopalians, the Bishop of New York was always procured, if possible. For three days after the ceremony the newly-married couple saw company in great state, and every genteel person who could procure an introduction paid his respects to the bride and groom; the visitors after their introduction partook of a cup of coffee, and then walked away.

Even then New-Yorkers were not remarkable for early rising; little business was done before ten o'clock. Most of the merchants and persons in business dined at two o'clock; others, who were less engaged, about three; but four o'clock was usually the fashionable hour for dining. The gentlemen were partial to the bottle, but not to excess; and at private dinners they seldom sat more than two hours drinking wine.

While making a trip to Boston, Lambert made the acquaintance of a Virginian gentleman, one General Bradley, who was nicknamed "President-making Bradley," because he had summoned a *convention* of members of Congress which nominated Madison as Jefferson's successor. This "proceeding was con-

sidered to be so unconstitutional that even several of his own party condemned it, and refused to attend. They said it was an endeavor to bias the sentiments of the people in their choice of a ruler, a measure highly subversive to the freedom of election." The general instructed our traveler in the nomenclature of Virginian drinks:

A *gum-tickler* was a gill of spirits, generally taken fasting.

A *phlegm-cutter* was a double dose just before breakfast.

An *antifogmatic* was the same when taken before dinner.

A *gall-breaker* was a pint of ardent spirits taken at discretion.

"When a man takes to drinking *gall-breakers*," says Lambert, "even the Virginians regard him as a lost sheep"—perhaps not unreasonably.

With regard to the common charge of familiarity and rudeness so frequently brought against the American people at this time, our author emphatically declares that he experienced the utmost civility and politeness from the inhabitants in every part of the country through which he traveled. Coachmen and tavern-keepers were alike civil and attentive; he hardly ever passed a man on the road who did not give him a nod, which "perhaps to some might seem curt, but was evidently meant in kindness." In fact, he found it as difficult to discover rudeness in the men as it was to detect an ugly face or bad teeth among the women. The people of England are, he thinks, "too apt to hold the character of the Americans in trifling estimation." While he, of course, prefers his own countrymen, he finds much to commend among the new people; and, if his book "succeeds in dispelling some of the prejudices and misconceptions which prevail with regard to them," he will consider his work well done.

E. H. L.

TWILIGHT AND SEA.

REMEMBER how the twilight flung
A curtain over thee and me,
As, wandering hand in hand, we sung
Beside the summer sea.

What if some glittering mermaid laid
Down on the sand a listening ear,
And, like a treacherous woman, staid
Our tender talk to hear!

What if, in caves of ocean deep,
She treasured up each precious word,
Thinking that earthly lovers keep
The vows that she has heard!

Perhaps the sorrowing mermaid's tears
With pearls those vows incrustured o'er,
And Ocean, when his wrath appears,
May cast them on the shore!

There memory and I will roam
Where fickle waters kiss the land,
Watching the bright and dancing foam
That dashes o'er the sand;

And I will seek and bind the pearls,
A fancied necklace, rich and rare,
(While thought in every cluster curls),
About my neck to wear.

What though those days were short and few
And ne'er again shall come to me?
Each summer shall betroth anew
The twilight and the sea!

M. E. W. S.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AMONG the events of a hundred years ago which are entitled to signal commemoration in our centennial celebrations is one which occurred just one hundred years from the date of this week's JOURNAL. The stranger who visits Boston is apt to include within the circle of his sight-seeing the suburban city of Cambridge, with its old college buildings, its homes of poets and men of science and letters, and its venerable tree encircled with an iron railing, and furnished with an epitaph while yet it lives. Upon the granite slab at the base of this tree the stranger reads the statement that here on July 3, 1775, George Washington assumed the command of the Revolutionary army. It is well now, in our historic and retrospective frame of mind, to pause and consider a little the full significance of this event. We are of those who believe that ordinarily the influence of single minds upon any age is slight; that marked changes and great events are adequate products of innumerable causes lying deep in the constitution of society, which great leaders represent rather than form or create; but, when we consider all the facts of the American Revolution, it would really seem as if the success of that great effort were due to the peculiar fitness of George Washington for his tremendous task. How vast and formidable the task was, very few of us have ever fully realized. The more we study the history of the war the more marvelous the issue seems, and the more amazing the courage and confidence of those who essayed what must have seemed to many ordinary observers to be a wholly hopeless undertaking. The American rebels ought to have been defeated by all the laws of war, by the laws of force, and by all the conditions that usually determine results. And yet they won under the command of one who was neither a man of genius nor a man of ideas; they won after being defeated in the great majority of their direct encounters in the battle-field; they won under a succession of retreats, and with all the great cities excepting one in possession of the enemy; they won with an empty exchequer, and almost without food, raiment, or ammunition; they won in the face of growing discontent, with depleting numbers, and under nearly every conceivable harassment; and their winning was immensely due to the steadfast and unconquerable will of one man.

We may well believe that the success of the American army was rendered possible only by the coöperation of the French, but this coöperation could be secured only by firmly holding the army together, and steadfastly maintaining its position before the English. The condition of things was such that the one supreme quality needed in the commander-in-chief was calm, immovable, un-

flinching, unvarying courage—courage of that serene and majestic character which no storm could disturb, no misfortune shake, no succession of harassing difficulties weaken, no successes inflame, and no disasters chill. A grand steadfastness of this nature was one well calculated to enforce itself upon others, to establish confidence, to command reverence, to harmonize passions, to overthrow cabals. Being united with a calm and weighty judgment, it became a grand personal force that held all the conflicting elements below it in a firm and controlling grasp. Men with brilliant parts and affluent ideas would never have done for the occasion. Men with elements of caprice, or with imaginations easily captivated with this or that project, or with a metaphysical tendency to weigh matters too nicely, would never have been able to keep the army together under all the conditions that surrounded it. Washington's calm, uplifted, heroic courage was one great force; his cool and sagacious judgment another. If he did no brilliant things, he made no mistakes. His judgment may be almost said never to have been at fault. We know full well the noble courage, the sagacious statesmanship, and the heroic devotion, of many others; but there is no name we can mention whose place could not have been filled by some other patriot equally zealous, sagacious, and capable, save that of Washington; he alone was absolutely indispensable. Not one of the generals could have been substituted for him, whereas, had we lost Adams, there still would have been Franklin, Hancock, and Jefferson; or, had all these been lost to the cause, there were still many others of great patriotism and marked capability. All the courage and sagacity and devotion of the rest would have come to naught had it not been possible to keep the army in the field, and to do this thing required all the great qualities exhibited by the other leaders supplemented by something greater still—which we may call judgment, courage, and steadfastness, but which consisted of all these in some way fused in a grand individuality that men believed in and followed. Washington's character was one that seems lofty and aspiring at a distance, and loses nothing of its dignity upon the closest survey. Of all the men in history he is conspicuously the one best fitted for the leadership of so hazardous and heroic an undertaking. The Americans have been accused of idolizing Washington, but we doubt if ever they have accurately understood all the peculiarly admirable qualifications that went to make up the character of this remarkable man. The lack of salient and brilliant qualities has chilled the enthusiasm of some people; these persons need to be reminded that a supreme personal force in such an emergency is better than genius, and that a leader of whom it can be said that he never made a mistake in judgment occupies a place higher than that of those who, while they

have dazzled, have only misled the world. We may concede numerous deficiencies in Washington's genius, but we can find none in his character—none in his transcendent fitness for the place he occupied. Hence it is that his assumption of the command of the half-clothed and wholly undisciplined army gathered around Boston one hundred years ago was an event of such measureless importance to the cause that we signally fail in our comprehension of the struggle if we do not give it a worthy place in our centennial rejoicings.

A WRITER in an English journal, speaking of the British people in their relation to art, declares that "they seldom know a good picture when they see it, and they seldom like a good picture when it is pointed out to them." Accusations of this sort are very common among writers upon art, and the truth of the charge would seem to have become a received axiom in all art-circles. Now, we bluntly assert it to be wholly fallacious. It is an error composed of two parts, one of which mistakes the character of the average intelligence, while the other mistakes the functions and requisites of a truly good picture. That every good picture contains very much that can only be fully appreciated by those who have cultivated art-perceptions is undeniably true. But there are certain essentials of a good picture which every person of average intelligence and culture is quite capable of understanding—these are, the story it has to tell, the facts it attempts to reproduce, and the sentiment it designs to express. If these things cannot be seen in a picture even when pointed out, then we may be sure that the art is in some way radically wrong in its methods. An art that can be understood in its leading manifestations only after a special training for it—which is limited by its nature to a few select, highly-cultivated persons—is rather too exclusive to be of much importance to the world. But the history of art shows us that paintings have affected very powerfully the imagination of the great mass of people, and that, notwithstanding popular ignorance, great paintings have never failed to secure their appreciation. It is not to be denied that public taste has sanctioned a great many worthless works of art, but has it ever rejected the productions of the great minds? The main difficulty with the public is, that its natural passion for pictures is such that it greedily falls to liking nearly all that is offered to it; but education in this matter is very rapid. There is nothing recondite in art. It deals with sensibilities and emotions common to the whole of mankind. The love of the beautiful and fondness for color are active principles with all classes; sentiment and the passions are possessed by all grades alike; and people who like flowers and natural scenery, who are affected by moods in Nature, who are

moved by sympathy for fellow-beings, can never be insensible to an art that appeals to their natural tastes and sentiments. All, therefore, that is open and true in painting can be appreciated by the average mind. But this average taste does not know all the technical deficiencies or the technical excellences of a picture. It may not be able to judge fully of its composition, of its treatment of parts, of its tone, of a hundred things that the expert can point out and descant upon. But this is common to every art, to every handicraft even. It is not to be assumed that men cannot tell good pictures from bad, or are wholly insensible to excellence in the arts, because they are not learned in its academic laws. A man may be a very fair judge of a poem without knowing any thing about the rules of versification; he may have a sound opinion of a drama or a melody, without special training in musical composition or in the art of the playwright. It would seem as if the critics were continually exacting from the public, in regard to painting, an erudition which no other art requires; and because these critics become enamored of one man's erratic performances, another man's eccentric vagaries, in which there is probably often more or less of genuine talent turned awry into crooked paths—because the public does not possess this artificial taste for strangely-flavored dishes, it is assumed that it has no ability to understand art at all. Amateurs and connoisseurs are prone in every art to exalt technical skill above the soul or the sentiment of the performance—to find their pleasure in the skill with which difficulties are overcome rather than in the success of the essential story, with which alone the average taste is concerned. True art is catholic. It deals with large, open truths; it has no mysteries, nor vagaries, nor dilettant notions, nor petty scholasticisms, nor pedantic exclusiveness; its function is to reach and charm the great heart of humanity either by some form of beauty or story of human passion; and hence how preposterous it is to assume that this great force is something incomprehensible to all save those who have studied pigments and measured proportions!

In the article entitled "The Strangest Things in Life," printed in this week's JOURNAL, Mr. Fairfield makes a few fresh contributions to the literature of the mysterious. The remarkable statements in this paper are not given in support of the doctrine of spiritualism. It is probably known that Mr. Fairfield has recently advanced a theory in explanation of the alleged phenomena of spiritualism. This publication has naturally brought to his hands a good many curious statements from persons interested in the study of the subject, and these narratives are given to the public in the present paper. For our part, we must confess to considera-

ble distrust of the accuracy of all the marvelous stories in regard to what are called spiritualism and clairvoyance now so numerous. We are aware how well many of these narratives are supported by the testimony of intelligent people, but it has also been shown how often really capable persons have been deceived. The remarkable fact is, that these marvels fall for the most part solely within the experience of believers, and disappear when confronted with downright skepticism. Mr. Lecky, in his "History of Rationalism," tells us that the phenomena of witchcraft continued just so long as a wide-spread faith in them existed, and ceased when a general skepticism of their truth began to take possession of the popular mind. He asserts that the phenomena never were and have not been to this day disproved; that all the evidence goes to support their authenticity; that the people eventually ceased to believe in them not because any facts were elicited or any revelation made calculated to throw doubt upon them, but simply because a disbelief, based not on evidence but on rationalistic reasoning, gradually took possession of the public mind. It would be well if some philosopher, prompted by the current mysteries, should make a searching study of the natural credulity of man—of the deeply-grounded tendency of many people to rest upon and believe in the marvelous. These persons believe in the mysterious because the whole tenor of their mental organization is in that direction. They either do not know how to investigate phenomena or are indisposed to do so. They like to believe. They have no sympathy with doubters. They are thrilled and captivated by every thing of a mystic character, and eagerly surrender their whole natures to its influence. People of this tendency of mind are simply incapable of analyzing phenomena like those of spiritualism. No man of a thoroughly skeptical mind, we may be assured, would have been deceived by the recent Katie King frauds. He might have been unable to detect the trick, but his inability to discover the cause of the manifestations would never for a moment have led him into the tremendous blunder of accepting them for what they were alleged to be. His rationalism would have asserted the impossibility of their truth, regardless of all the plausible circumstances under which they were exhibited. The skeptical person disbelieves in despite of what he sees, because he feels assured that somewhere, by some means, there is to be found an adequate explanation of the marvel before him; the unskeptical person believes in despite of his reason, or rather seduces his reason from its path by the force of his imagination, and believes because he is quite willing to accept the most superficial testimony as trustworthy. In all ages and with all people the marvelous has abounded when the spirit of credulity has prevailed; and at all times

the marvelous has fled before the spirit of incredulity. For this reason the reader may derive entertainment from the strange narratives in Mr. Fairfield's paper, but it would be wise for him to keep his faith in them in reserve, simply classifying them among the unexplained.

A NOTEWORTHY social change has been taking place in England within the past quarter of a century. It is illustrated in one way in the region of art. Formerly the patronage of art, not only of painting and sculpture, but of all ornamental and antique objects, was pretty much confined to the nobility, and the indefinite class just below the nobility sweepingly designated in England as "gentlemen." The class of merchants, manufacturers, bankers, men of trade, while rivaling the aristocracy in wealth, did not compete with them to any great degree in the æsthetic elegancies, though no doubt they did in the material luxuries of life. The great manufacturer of Birmingham or Bolton aspired to become a landed proprietor, and was quick to purchase the hoary castles and vast acres of bankrupt lords; he was fain, too, to have his imposing mansion in town, his stud of horses, and his game-preserves. But as yet he rather spent money on downright, palpable luxuries; the refinement of artistic rarity and ornamentation did not appeal to his uncultivated ambition. In these days it is evident that the rich men of trade have learned the value of such things. There is a rage in England for antique articles. Old plate, old clocks, finely-carved old furniture, venerable salvers, beakers, and punch-bowls, historic Sèvres, relics of the elegance of extinct royalty, are eagerly sought for, and bring great prices. It is found that in the competition both for antique articles of *virtu*, for the most fashionable paintings, and the most conspicuous sculptural works, the class of manufacturers and merchants is eager, and often bears away the choicest specimens. The houses of this class are beginning to be as tastefully and artistically, as well as luxuriously, adorned as are the houses of the Grosvenors and Egertons of old descent. There is a decadence of the somewhat vulgar ostentation of former days; the presence of far more refinement and culture. Thus there has been a leveling up in matters of taste; and herein may be found one of the reasons why art in England is so much more prosperous and flourishing than it was even in the days of Turner and Sir Thomas Lawrence, since the wealth of another great and important class is now seeking its products.

WHAT WORN college graduate, world-tired, does not feel something of the old, fresh, youthful spirit come over him, when reminded that "commencement season" has come? How vividly the festival brings to the mind

of the alumnus, even of ten or twelve years, how far away he has strayed from the sensations, influences, ay, and the ambitions of his college-days! It is given to very few to shape their own destinies; yet most college seniors, when they have put aside their last examination-paper, and made their last "oration," have already laid out a scheme of life, and it never occurs to them to doubt that it is the reflection of a certain future. It is often said that a college is "a little world in itself;" and truly enough it has resemblances to the greater world, such as its struggles, its ambitions, its gains and losses, and its schooling to manliness and self-dependence and self-assertion not a little severe and stringent. Yet many a student has been deluded to ruin, or at least to failure, by too completely mistaking the college-world for a lesser counterpart and epitome of that wherein lies his life-work; nor are the effects of such a delusion always the same or similar. One, flushed with the ready triumphs of the society and the class-room, flattered by conceded leadership, exalted by praises of professors and college-mates, rates his future success at too low a standard of effort; he thinks he will win as easily at the bar or in commercial pursuits as in class-meeting and on the exhibition platform; and, when he gets into the downright, serious hurly-burly, is amazed, and inconceivably disappointed to find greater powers rising hopelessly above him. Another, working till brain is overtaxed, and ill health is invited, in order to achieve college success, goes forth to plunge desperately into exhausting labors, plodding with shaken nerves far into the nights, comfortlessly and anxiously seeking fortune, and preying ruthlessly upon the faculties which alone can render fortune enjoyable when attained. Few and wise are those who learn to advance with deliberation, and vigor, and patience upon the path of life; eschewing neither lusty labor nor manly recreation, each in its proper time and place; remembering that "every thing comes in time to him who waits." One cannot but envy the cheery spirit of those youths who are having their last college merry-makings in these lovely summer months; that spirit is an excellent commodity to begin the world with.

THE woes of travelers on the Continent are not all imaginary, as an English party can testify who were recently arrested as "Prussian spies," far down in the depths of Brittany. The mayor of the village demanded their passports; and, on being told that passports were long ago abolished, doggedly refused to believe it, and had them taken off in a cart to the capital of the department. The wonder is that this worthy mayor, who, by-the-way, wore a blue blouse, and was fresh from the field, had ever heard of Prussian spies, such personages being much more modern than the abolition of passports.

Nothing could more clearly illustrate the exceeding ignorance which prevails in some parts of rural France than this incident. We once heard of an American being arrested in Brittany by a too-zealous official, who refused to believe he was an American, simply on the ground that he was white; the official was very positive that all Americans were negroes. The ability to read English is a quite unknown science in many of those parts, nor could any thing less than a peremptory order from the prefect secure our unfortunate countryman's release.

Literary.

MR. E. C. GARDNER'S very decided literary talent, though it renders his books entertaining, and sugars the pill of instruction which it is his main object to administer, is not altogether an advantage to his work. It constantly leads him off into digressions which are often the merest vagaries, having the slightest possible relevance to the subject under discussion; it incessantly distracts his own and the reader's attention from the matter properly before them; and the somewhat truculent vivacity, which is its chief characteristic, becomes a trifle tedious when indulged too liberally. His latest book, "Illustrated Homes,"* is an example of all this. Its plan is excellent, and it contains much that is really instructive and useful; but it has been almost spoiled by the extent to which the literary feature of the work is permitted to dominate and overshadow every thing else. Mr. Gardner's intention, as explained in a sort of prefatory postscript, was to take a dozen or more actual houses which he had helped to build, each one typical of a certain class or condition, and by giving the plans and a brief account of each one, and using it as the text of such architectural discussion as seemed appropriate, to make the book helpful to all who propose to build themselves homes. The plans were to be accompanied with specifications and estimates, general certainly, but sufficiently minute to indicate the finish and approximate cost of each house. The bringing in of the people for whom the houses were built was, of course, a subordinate part of the plan, and could only be done legitimately in order to give reality and, so to say, individuality to the different homes; yet, from the very beginning, these people (about whom the reader cares nothing) receive more attention than the houses (about which the reader probably cares a great deal); while toward the latter part of the book the plans are relegated to an entirely insignificant place, and specifications and estimates are entirely omitted. No mention is made even of the material of which several of the most attractive houses were built or of their cost—the very points which, to us at least, seem of most importance. Now, Mr. Gardner is a keen observer and a humorist withal, and his

sketches of character furnish very amusing reading; our criticism is directed simply to the fact that he has greatly injured by his manner of executing it a plan which, in its original conception, was admirable.

One other point, and we will have done with fault-finding. Mr. Gardner's main dogma, if we may apply such a term to teaching which is singularly free from dogmatism, is that a house is designed primarily for use, and that every house, therefore, should, in its arrangement, size, finish, etc., represent the needs of the particular person or family for whom it is built. The one customer that he cannot endure is the person whose notions of what he wants are based on an ideal conception of beauty, on what is "stylish," or on what somebody else has. In season and out of season he urges the principle that a house should be the expression of individual wants and individual tastes. Now, this is wholesome doctrine, doubtless, but it is somewhat odd that Mr. Gardner should be so evidently disposed to limit its application to details of interior arrangement. He is so afraid that the primary idea of *use* will be subordinated to a desire for *show*, that he persistently discourages all discussion of the exterior appearance of the house, and finally says, plumply, that if a man "is wise he will leave questions of outside effect to the architect." No doubt it would be better for the average man, when he comes to build, if he should simply show a competent architect his plot of ground, tell him the size of his family and the extent of his means, and leave all questions, both of outside effect and of inside arrangement, to the architect's own judgment. But, if he is to be taught that it is scarcely less than degrading to leave the number, size, and arrangement of the rooms to any one else, even an architect, why is his obligation to consult his individual preferences not coextensive with the house itself, in all its parts? In point of fact, a house is not built merely for use. Its outside, especially, is more conspicuous and more looked at than any thing in its owner's possession, and if it be known that it was built for or under the direction of the owner, it is inevitably regarded as a more or less accurate expression of his ideas of architectural beauty; his taste is judged by it. Moreover, Mr. Gardner's own plans show that by slight changes and transpositions, which do not affect in the remotest degree the convenience of the inner arrangements, the whole appearance of the exterior can be changed, and that rendered picturesque and pleasing which otherwise would have been utterly without expression. We think, indeed, that it would be very easy to maintain the exact converse of Mr. Gardner's proposition, and to give plausible reasons why a man should select the general style and effects which he desired in his house, and (with certain reservations, of course, as to number and size of rooms) leave the details of the interior entirely to his architect.

With these qualifications, "Illustrated Homes" can be heartily recommended. It inculcates sound principles of architecture and taste; proves, by examples, that picturesque, convenient, and durable houses can be built with very moderate sums of money, and

* Illustrated Homes: A Series of Papers describing Real Houses and Real People. By E. C. Gardner. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

that cheapness and ugliness do not necessarily go hand in hand; and points out with great distinctness the difference between a "house" and a "home." There are very few Americans who would not build more intelligently after giving it a perusal.

THE interest in the Bunker Hill centennial finds appropriate expression in literature as well as in orations, pageants, fireworks, and the like, and we find several pamphlets bearing upon the famous event on our table. Osgood's "Bunker Hill Memorial" is the best of these. Its leading feature is a poem of thirty-seven stanzas, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "written expressly for this memorial," and giving a grandmother's story of the battle as she saw it from the belfry. The poem is written in the swinging rhythm of the old ballad measure, is spirited and vigorous, and illustrates very forcibly the patriotic enthusiasm of the colonists, which was shared even by the women and children, and the trepidation of the citizens who, for the first time, looked upon the bloody scenes of war. The poem is accompanied throughout with marginal illustrations, and is followed by an account of the battle in prose, by James M. Bugbee. This latter is also illustrated, and is the best brief narrative of the battle with which we are acquainted.

Another and rather curious memorial is "Bunker Hill: The Story told in Letters from the Battle-field by British Officers engaged; with an Introduction and Sketch of the Battle by Samuel Adams Drake" (Boston: Nichols & Hall). The materials of which the book is composed have, as Mr. Drake explains, "hitherto slumbered in the archives of British regiments engaged on the field of Bunker Hill," having escaped heretofore the research of historians of the battle. Inasmuch as the British officers, without exception, claim a brilliant victory over "the provincials," their letters are hardly calculated to add to the enthusiasm of centennial time, but the patriotic fire of Mr. Drake's description of the battle readjusts the balance, and enables us to accept them with good grace as additional materials for the historian. The volume is embellished with a heliotype reproduction of a very rare English print, published in London in 1781, and giving a spirited view of the actual battle.—The description of the battle to be found in Mr. Frothingham's "History of the Siege of Boston" (Little, Brown & Co.) remains the most complete yet written.

After the preceding was written, we received another contribution to the literature of the subject, by Mr. Drake, "General Israel Putnam, the Commander at Bunker Hill." This is not a biography of General Putnam, as its title would seem to imply, but a controversial pamphlet on the *quantio vexata* as to who commanded in chief at Bunker Hill. It is an able and exhaustive analysis of all the known facts bearing upon the matter, and Mr. Drake evidently convinces himself fully; but of actual evidence there is very little, and the argument is scarcely more than an elaboration of the proposition that, because Putnam was a general and Prescott only a colonel, the former must have com-

manded when the two were present on the same field. The question has always seemed to us of the slightest importance, since it was the fighting of the men and not the generalship of the leaders that rendered the battle famous; and, as General Sherman said in his speech at the centennial, "after Prescott has received all the glory, there is enough left for General Putnam, too."

It is difficult to find a term exactly descriptive of Miss Lucy Larcom's "Idyl of Work" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.). To call it a "novel in verse" would be more accurate than its present title, and a "tract in verse" would be truer still; but it is too slight for a novel, even though its lack of plot and incident is disguised under the forms of poetry, and it is too good (or perhaps we should say not "goody" enough) for a tract. An idyl of work it certainly is not, for, with a most idealistic definition of work, Miss Larcom finds herself compelled, in order to secure even the semblance of the idyllic, to ignore entirely the routine of daily labor, and carry her characters off to scenes and circumstances about as foreign to the experience of factory-girls as a jaunt up the Nile would be to laborers in a coal-mine. Thirty years ago the work in the Lowell mills was done almost entirely by young girls from various parts of New England, many of whom had comfortable homes, yet chose this method of winning for themselves a degree of pecuniary independence; and it is no wonder that Miss Larcom, recalling the memory of those days when magazines, of some literary merit, in which she herself made her first attempts at authorship, were both written and edited by the mill-girls, should throw over them the glamour of romance, and fancy that she sees in them ideal conditions of work. But all the same, as she confesses in her preface, the routine of such a life is essentially prosaic; and, though workers may find idyllic experiences during a summer-vacation among the mountains, work itself catches nothing of poetry therefrom.

It is plain, however, that the book was written with the object of proving by illustration that even the most exhaustive and monotonous labor cannot of itself deprive one of all opportunity for high mental culture and noble living, and also to protest against the tendency of the change which has come over the conditions and character of mill-labor since the period indicated. The increasing degradation of certain forms of labor, the rapidly-widening rift between the interests of employer and employed, fill her with alarm, and she sees in them forerunners of national decay:

"Like the sea
Must the work-populations ebb and flow.
So only fresh with healthful New-World life.
If high rewards no longer stimulate toil,
And mill-folk settle to a stagnant class,
As in old civilizations, then farewell
To the Republic's hope! What differ we
From other feudalisms? Like ocean-waves,
Work-populations change. No rich, no poor,
No learned, and no ignorant class or caste
The true republic tolerates; interfused,
Like the sea's salt, the life of each through all."

Of course the story in such a book is entirely subordinate, being of no use, in fact,

except as a thread to hang the didactic portions on; and no one of the characters has more than the faintest shadow of personality. It is the descriptive parts, together with the lyrics with which the narrative is frequently interspersed, that redeem the work, and render it enjoyable to the reader. Miss Larcom has written no poems more graceful, tender, and finished, than three or four of those scattered through the present volume, and her enthusiasm for natural scenery, and her skill in painting it, throw a genuine charm around the entire episode of the summer-vacation. The following song of the mill-children at their play would compensate the reader for whole pages of duller didactic poetry than Miss Larcom inflicts upon us in her most serious mood:

"Will the fairy-folk come back,
Such as haunt old stories,
Sliding down the moonbeam's track
Hid in morning-glories?
Air is warp, and sun is west;
Is a rainbow-splinter left?

"No; not one. They never will!
Streams they loved are busy
Turning spindles in the mill;
Turning mill-folk dizzy.
Toll is warp, and money west;
Not a fairy-loom is left.

"Noise has frightened them away
From their greenwood places;
Never would they spend a day
Among care-worn faces.
Gather up the warp and west:
See if any thing is left!

"Merry days go dancing by;
Hard work comes, and tarries.
Why, for that, wind sigh through sigh?
Children, we'll be fairies!
Life is warp, and love is west;
Children's hearts and hands are left."

In justification of what we have said in praise of the descriptive poetry, we quote the following sonnet:

"CHOCORUA.

"The pioneer of a great company
That wait behind him, gazing toward the east—
Mighty ones all, down to the nameless least—
Though after him none dares to press, where he
With bent head listens to the minstrelsy
Of far waves chanting to the moon, their priest.
What phantom rises up from winds deceased?
What whiteness of the unapproachable sea?
Hoary Chocorua guards his mystery well:
He pushes back his fellows, lest they hear
The haunting secret he apart must tell
To his lone self, in the sky-silence clear.
A shadowy, cloud-cloaked wraith, with shoulders bowed,
He steals, conspicuous, from the mountain-crowd."

If we may venture such a suggestion concerning one who is possessed of so genuine a literary faculty, we should say that Mr. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's new story, "A Norseman's Pilgrimage" (New York: Sheldon & Co.), was written mainly to prove how thoroughly Americanized the author has become, and how completely he has mastered the details of American habits and character. The hero of the story is a Norseman, it is true, but a Norseman so Americanized that he feels like a stranger when he returns to his own people. The heroine is evidently intended to be a typical American woman; and,

though the scene is laid chiefly in Germany and Norway, most of the leading characters are Americans. Last, but not least, if we have correctly divined the author's purpose, the conversation partakes largely of that picturesque vigor, not to call it slang, which is supposed to be characteristic of our national dialect; and it is only fair to say that Mr. Boyesen has mastered this dialect perfectly, using certain local peculiarities of speech with the dexterity and precision of a native.

Viewing the book from this point, and keeping in mind the fact that the author is not only writing in a foreign tongue, but dealing with phases of character the very antipodes of what he was familiar with in his own country, it may be pronounced a decided success. Compare Ruth with Eva in Mr. Howells's "A Foregone Conclusion," and her deficiency in those finer distinctive traits which typify American womanhood at its best is apparent; but nevertheless she is a very pleasing person, and American women at least will overlook all the minor defects of an author who writes of one of them with an enthusiasm like the following:

"By some chance Thora Haraldson (a Norwegian girl between whom and Olaf a marriage had long been projected by their respective families) had come to occupy the seat next to Ruth in the stern of one of the boats. Olaf sat upon a cross-bench opposite, dividing his attention between the landscape and the company. As his eyes fell upon the fair group before him, the picturesque contrast between the two struck his artistic fancy, and presently he found himself critically comparing them and trying to account for their points of difference. How frail and almost insignificant looked this slender, blue-eyed Alpine maiden by the side of that tall, brilliant, and magnificent beauty. And somehow she seemed to be conscious of her own insignificance, for she looked with large, innocent eyes up into Ruth's face, and an expression of childlike wonder was visible in her features. 'Ah,' philosophized Olaf, 'it is the problem of my life which stands embodied before me. The one is the peaceful, simple life of the north, with its small aims and cares, its domestic virtues, and its calm, idyllic beauty. Love to her means duty, a gentle submissiveness, and the attachment held by habit and mutual esteem. But in the other's bosom lives a world of slumbering tumult, a host of glorious possibilities, which, though still shrunken in the bud, will one day, when touched by the wakening warmth of love, develop all the emotional wealth and grandeur of perfect womanhood. She is the flower of a larger and intenser civilization, and all the burning pulses of life which animate this great century, unknown to herself, throb in her being. And it is my own future which I love in her. I too shall become a larger and a more perfect man for what I give and what I receive in the mystery of such a love.'"

"A Norseman's Pilgrimage" is very lively and pleasant reading, and will provide its author with the most conclusive of naturalization papers; but somehow it lacks the flavor and the charm of "Gunnar."

THE "American Annual Cyclopaedia," for 1874, is now ready in a portly volume of eight hundred and thirty-one pages (New

York: D. Appleton & Co.). The character and the merits of this annual are too well understood to call for any extended notice, and it is enough, perhaps, to say that the present volume presents the usual features and rather more than the usual amount of information, covering all the important events of the year 1874, and the additions which were made during the same period to the various departments of knowledge. The larger portion of the space, of course, is assigned to American affairs and American interests, and besides the President's messages, debates in Congress, and sundry public documents, the reader will find here a succinct but comprehensive account of the exciting events which occurred in the Southern States during the year. "The details of affairs in the United States," to quote from the Preface, "embrace the finances of the Federal Government; the operation and results of its system of revenue and taxation; the banking system; the financial and industrial experience of the country; its commerce, manufactures, and general prosperity; the finances of the States; their debts and resources; the various political conventions assembled during the year—with their nominations and platforms; the results of elections; the movements to secure cheap transportation from West to East; the action of Congress on the subject, and the debates and action on civil rights and national finances, specie payments, and other important public questions; the proceedings of State Legislatures; the progress of education, reformatory, and charitable institutions; the extension of railroads and telegraphs, and all those matters which are involved in the rapid improvement of the country." Every other country of the civilized world is noticed, so far at least as to record whatever of public interest has transpired in it; and the international relations between our own and other governments are illustrated by quotations from diplomatic correspondence. A record of the advance made during the year in the various branches of science, a narrative of geographical discoveries in different parts of the world, a critical and analytical sketch of literature and literary progress in the United States, and in each of the countries of Europe, religious statistics, and numerous biographical sketches of living and dead celebrities, make up the remaining contents of the volume.

A number of excellent woodcuts and maps take the place of the steel portraits which have illustrated previous issues.

WHATEVER America can show in the way of antiquities is likely to attract a peculiar degree of interest during the next few years, and Mrs. Eliza Greatorex will doubtless secure an unusually warm and appreciative reception for her "Old New York from the Battery to Bloomingdale," the first part of which has just been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The work when complete will contain fifty etchings of "the buildings of New York made venerable by historic and romantic associations," and ten reproductions, one in each part, of old and rare etchings of scenes in the city and vicinity. "It is

not merely the gratification of a taste for antiquities," says Mr. William Cullen Bryant, to whom the book is dedicated, and who writes a brief introductory note, "that is consulted in this work; it is scarcely less than an act of filial piety to preserve in this manner as much as we may of the early aspect of a spot inhabited by those who have left us the inheritance of this fair town, so nobly situated and prepared for our abode, together with the inestimable legacy of our public liberties and the many useful institutions organized for the general benefit." Mrs. Greatorex has been occupied for the greater part of six years in the preparation of her drawings, and so rapid and so ruthless is the advance of "modern improvement," that many of the originals from which they were taken have already disappeared, rendering it certain that no later memento will ever be secured.

Mrs. Greatorex is already favorably known as an etcher by her Colorado sketches. The pictures in "Old New York" are of a similar character; they are marked by a free and touchy style rather better calculated to please the art-student than the general public, perhaps, but a certain picturesque effect is secured which will give them a great charm to many persons. The subjects of the drawings are, "The Battery from No. 1 Broadway," containing a view of Castle Garden through the trees, and of the harbor beyond; "The Carey-Ludlow House," as seen from the Battery; "No. 1 Broadway," a famous old house, now the oldest in New York, which served as the headquarters of Sir Henry Clinton in the Revolutionary days, and which has other claims to attention; "Saint Paul's Church," too well known to require further mention; and "The Old Jersey Ferry-House," at the corner of Greenwich and Cedar Streets, which was torn down last spring. The reproduction is from an etching entitled "New York from Hobuck (Hoboken)," by the old painter Archibald Robertson, who made the sketch in 1796.

The descriptive text by M. Despard is not first rate, but it contains all that is needed in the way of information, and plenty of personal gossip and social reminiscence besides. The printing, paper, etc., are excellent.

PHILANTHROPY finds a novel expression in Mr. M. F. Sweetser's little guide-book, "Europe for \$2.00 a Day," written without hope of profit and published at rather less than the cost of paper and printing, with the simple desire, as the author says, to "lend a hand" to young Americans who wish to make the European tour, but whose pecuniary resources are limited. The book is the result, and to some extent the record, of personal experience; for Mr. Sweetser himself made a tour, including the greater part of Europe, Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land, and lasting twenty months, for fifteen hundred dollars, of which three hundred dollars were spent for pictures and other souvenirs. The suggestions which it contains are comprehensive and eminently practical; and we judge that Mr. Sweetser has really shown "how a gentleman can make the European

tour very economically, yet without encountering absolute hardship, or demeaning himself by assuming the garb and customs of the peasant." Whether any one less enthusiastic and determined than himself can apply the knowledge, is another question. (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.)

Or the late John Stuart Mill the *Academy* says: "History affords scarcely another example of a philosopher so ready to review his positions, to abandon them if untenable, and to take lessons from his own disciples, as the discussion, for instance, of Mr. Thornton's book on 'Labor' shows Mr. Mill to have been." . . . Professor Max Müller recommends young men before all things to study the original documents of the great literatures. "It is better," he says, "to read Homer than to read a dozen commentaries upon him." . . . The *Spectator*, after remarking that "justice must be done all the more rigorously on favorites," says "the truth is that Mr. Black has made a sad step backward" in his "Three Feathers." . . . Messrs. Cassell, the London publishers, have arranged with M. Gustave Doré to illustrate a complete edition of Shakespeare's works. Doré is to be paid fifty thousand dollars for his work. . . . Mr. Allingham, the successor of Mr. Froude in the editorship of *Fraser*, is said to be engaged in the work undertaken by that gentleman of putting Mr. Carlyle's manuscripts in order. . . . The correspondence of Mr. John Stuart Mill, which, as we stated in our last issue, will shortly be published, contains many letters more theological in tone than philosophical. It is generally rumored that the book will contain passages, especially on religious topics, which are far more uncompromising than the boldest in the "Autobiography," and that they will in any case throw considerable light on various developments of the beliefs entertained at successive periods by Mr. Mill. . . . Messrs. H. S. King & Co., the London publishers, are about to publish a series of "Introductory Hand-books," to study which may be, at the same time, useful to those who desire to have a general outline of the subjects treated therein. They will not be, in any sense, "crum" books, and are intended to be strictly what their name implies. The series will comprise introductions to the study of philosophy, music, art, English, classical, and foreign literature, history, ancient and modern, etc. . . . "Clever people," says the *Academy*, "seldom write novels, they know the difficulties too well. People of genius, whose works deserve the most careful criticism, and people with a notion that they are great observers, and can tell a story well, have the field of fiction to themselves. With the works of the former class, which ranges from George Elliot to Mr. Black, the reviewer seldom meets; the productions of the latter are before him every week, the crude endeavors of young and old ladies, of gentlemen of leisure, these he gives his daily dreadful line to." . . . The *Athenæum* thinks 'Ouida's' new novel dull. . . . The same paper speaks of Low's "English Catalogue of Books for 1874" as a work indispensable to reviewers, but an awful proof of the amount of misdirected energy that finds a vent in print. . . . The *Saturday Review* makes the following suggestion, which we recommend to novel-writers: "Our story-writers seldom do better than when they take some out-of-the-way spot as the scene of their tale, and with the fortunes of their hero and heroine work up the every-day incidents of a life with which their readers are likely to be but little

acquainted. The more ambitious novelists who aim at something far higher than this, and who would describe the great world of which they know next to nothing, are like those artists who take a great width of canvas and some heroic subject, and produce a work vast indeed, but as uninteresting as it is unnatural." . . . Mrs. Lynn Lynton is writing a new novel, entitled "The Atonement of Leam Dundas," for the *Cornhill Magazine*.

The Arts.

WHILE the public is kept pretty well informed through the press of the erection of fine edifices in the large cities, comparatively little attention is given to the gradual change for the better in the architecture of the smaller places. Within the last ten years, probably nowhere, in proportion to its size, have there been so many interesting new edifices built as in the little city of Cambridge, Massachusetts. As we have before had occasion to remark in the *JOURNAL*, the peculiarities of fashion in buildings lend them a charm when the ideas that led to these peculiarities have passed by, and Elizabethan roofs, with their scalloped and pointed gable-ends, the gambrel roofs so frequently met with in the old towns of this country, and even the square farm-houses, with their big "stoops" overhung by elm-trees—each has a real charm and picturesque interest of its own, apart from any reference to the rules of pure taste; and these crystallized forms of old thought and old necessities appeal to us in a way different from any thing that is new, however fine the new thing may be.

In Cambridge, specimens of nearly every kind of building may be observed. The old college-buildings of red brick, plain and angular as the bricks themselves, without an external adornment, had, till a few years ago, when thrift destroyed the picturesque, tender tones of their old weather-beaten red walls, a great charm of color. The bricks were worn, and the sunshine flecked their unequal surfaces into broken lights and shadows. The natural color, which paint can seldom equal, had been broken down and streaked and faded by rain and weather till these old lodging-houses of the students were nearly as pleasant to look at, and of as varied a hue, as the red and yellow and purple rocks that abound along the sea-coast of New England. But a few years ago a general renovation did away with all this, and solid Indian-red, called brick-color, replaced these slight pleasant tints. But Nature is again doing its work, and "Old Massachusetts" and "Holden Chapel" are beginning to "tone" with the trees and the sky.

As you come into Cambridge by the horse-cars, the first new building which meets the eye is a Gothic church, built of blocks of blue-and-yellow mottled slate-stone. This church covers a large area, and its numerous porches and gables are edged by granite, this latter stone also being built in horizontal lines to the top of the tall stone spire. The chief material used is rather soft, but the granite guards all portions that are exposed to the weather or the corners

which might be worn away, and takes the real brunt off the low walls, overlapped as they are by deep eaves. The large windows with granite facings, where the stone might otherwise be much exposed, prevent too much surface of this charmingly-colored material from coming into contact with the weather. This church is not of better shape than is often seen in buildings erected within a few years; but in this, and in several other new structures, that variety of material we have so much advocated in the pages of the *JOURNAL* has been employed, and with even better effect than our imagination had pictured; for, though the general aspect is somewhat sombre, the gray granite which is so disagreeable in combination with brick imparts to this bluish building a cool and perfectly harmonious appearance, which the woodbine and ivy that are already quite well grown serve to enhance.

Beyond the college-grounds and near the old Washington elm, another church occupies a pretty corner, and in this case also there is a pleasantness in the material which makes the person who has seen it once desire to see it again. This building, like the other, is a Gothic church, and more elaborate in form. Two or three cloistered passages break the surface of its walls. The stone of which it is constructed is one of the commonest sorts of conglomerate, popularly called pudding-stone, and is found in great quantities close at hand in Roxbury. Each block of it is full of the finest colors. Buffs of every shade, to the deepest dyes of iron-ore that stain the rocky coast of Massachusetts, are variegated by pink and flesh color, and they marble with their complicated network an under-color of purple-gray. Examining the blocks of stone piece by piece it seemed impossible for us to decide which of them might be the more beautiful.

A few rods farther on, off at another corner of the same street, are the Memorial Church and two other college-buildings of the Episcopal Theological School. This institution, which has been founded within a dozen years, has purchased a plot of ground of about a couple of acres around the lately-built St. John's Church. It would be difficult to find anywhere a group of three or four edifices more pleasant to look upon than these. Sitting low to the ground and surrounded by fine greensward, the church, which stands on the corner, is a small, low-roofed, many-gabled building, full of picturesque niches and corners, a many-sided *apsis*, filled with stained glass, and with its facings and trimmings of Nova-Scotia stone, with here and there bits of dark color and fine carvings. The irregular-sized blocks of the Roxbury pudding-stone make a sunshine in a shady place with their warm tones; old English stained-glass windows with pointed tops break the surfaces of the light walls into sombre tones almost as deep as shadow.

A little on one side of the church, and surrounded by heavy, close-cropped turf that fills the entire inclosure, another gable-roofed building of the same material varies from the church in effect of color by being banded and ornamented with red, rich lines and decorations, while the oblique lines that sup-

port the roof are of buff sandstone. Big chimneys at the ends of this building, connected together by strings of brickwork, still further heighten its effect of solidity and comfort. Behind both of the edifices we have dwelt upon is another, containing some of the class-rooms of the college, which are of the Roxbury stone, trimmed with rich yellow free-stone and black; and, what one rarely sees in this country, a long, open cloister, surrounding the lower story, recalls similar places in England, where in colleges and monasteries students exercise and take the air, as monks did formerly. When there is so much weather in this country in which it is disagreeable to be in the streets—summer heats and winter snows and rains—we are surprised that these convenient and beautiful covered walks are so seldom met with. In early times, a thousand years ago, such pleasant walks as the old Gothic cloisters of Chester Cathedral found a place in English architecture. From the hot suns of Italy, the visitor takes refuge in the cool stone Campo Santos of Pisa, and of other Italian cities, broad, arched passages, built with their open side looking out on the soft herbage of the quadrangles of the old monasteries. High up on the hill-side, one of these long open galleries looks out upon the Apennines from the old convent of St. Francis of Assisi. In our own country, verandas, improperly called piazzas, take the place of these structures about our private dwellings; but, around school-houses and public buildings where many people congregate, were they built broad and long and of stone or brick for strength and coolness, they would be a source of immense comfort and convenience, to say nothing of their capability of enhancing the general beauty of the buildings to which they appertain.

A chapter might be written on the bay-windows, the attic-windows, and the porches of the new houses of Cambridge, and another on the chimneys and various gables of these buildings. One of the few pleasant points about the new architecture of England consists in the variety of shape and ornament of the clay chimney-pots of the houses; great groups and clusters of flues, massing into what have the effect of turrets and towers, are of different but harmonious variety of height and of many sorts of finish; and the same thing is true of the recent architecture of New England. The architects of Boston evidently have their imagination fired by the capabilities of form and of ornament of windows and doorways, and in a less degree of roofs and chimneys. One of the finest examples of interesting detail in these particulars is furnished by Mathews Hall, the last-built lodging-house for students in the college-grounds. It is built of brick, and is seven stories high, including the rooms in the pointed roof. It is so big that it will bear a great amount of detail without having the simplicity of its general mass disturbed by the numerous and beautiful projections that vary the surface of its walls. Trimmed with gray sandstone and black, light lines of this stone divide into horizontal sections the numerous high, gabled points of its roof. In the middle of some of these lines, the arms of the college—three

open books—are carved on the stone, and above the doorways of the open, pointed porches is the same device. A broad brick and stone uncovered veranda extends along the front of this building, and numerous groups of differently-arranged windows break the surface of the walls. The bay-windows to which we have alluded are sustained on brick projections, which support them from the lower story. At each successive elevation the sashes are variously divided—now into groups of two or three windows with flat tops; again they are pointed, and occasionally one big window-frame, or a number of lance-shaped little ones, gives variety and picturesqueness to the whole of the vertical projection. The forms of this building about its roof are a striking feature. Here gray bands of stone form the edge of its pointed gables, and between them are little nests of dormer-windows, of many sizes and of pleasant forms. Rows of broad brick chimneys are supported by stair-shaped elevations of brick, topped by the same light stone used elsewhere in this structure, and in many parts bricks set edgewise, formed into squares, diamonds, and various tessellated shapes, give an agreeable variety to the general picturesqueness of the edifice.

There are several other public buildings in Cambridge which form important new features of the place—brick spires and towers as charming as in the structure at the corner of Twenty-eighth Street and Madison Avenue, in New York, where the windows, the different stories, and the ornament, if open to criticism, still show that the builders had ideas of form, and a taste cultivated by good old examples and by study. These, besides many blocks of stores and houses, mark the present as distinctly a new period in the architectural taste of Eastern Massachusetts. The great fire of Boston afforded an almost unexampled opportunity for the reconstruction of an important section of a populous city, at once wealthy and cultivated, an opportunity which its architects, educated abroad and trained by the study of Ruskin, as well as their own natural impulses to honesty of motive and refinement of feeling, hastened to improve. The building up of the new lands that cover the Back Bay in Boston with an extension of Beacon Street, and houses of a class similar to those in that street, have also afforded a fine opportunity for the taste of the architects—a taste developed by the chance for so many practical experiments to such a degree as bids fair to give Boston front rank among American cities in the art of architecture.

We understand that a movement is on foot among the Academicians to give a painting by each of them to raise a fund for the benefit of the schools of the National Academy, which are greatly in need of funds.

It is a question of a good deal of importance in the interest of American art whether painting, composition, and the life classes can be efficiently managed, or if this leading school of America shall settle down upon the basis of a good antique class. Mr. Sanford Gifford, Mr. Huntington, Mr. Eastman Johnson, and most of the other old and

younger Academicians, we are told, propose to practically solve the difficulty in this way; for, with larger funds to employ competent artists as teachers, the high success of the National Academy schools is not an open question; and we can but commend this generous and practical scheme of the artists as one which, if carried out, cannot fail to do great good.

FORTUNE'S "Bull-Fight" at the exhibition of the Society of French Artists, in London, the *Academy* says, is "an astounding piece of bravura. It must no doubt be accepted as a mere sketch or dabbling-in of the subject, and as such it shows a fury of execution, an amount of point, certainty, and facility, enough to make the most accomplished painters open their eyes. One might even suppose it to have been jotted down as it stands during the performance in the arena. To see it is to believe in it; but no words of ours could realize to the reader's mind the whirl of its action, and the chaos of its precision." . . . "It is curious," says the *Saturday Review*, writing of Miss Thompson's battle-picture at the Royal Academy, "to observe how the fighting propensities of man—and in these times, when equal rights are claimed, we must add of woman—find not only gratification, but occasion for exercise, in these battle-pictures. The other day so tumultuous was the crowd gathered before Miss Thompson's dramatic representation of 'The Twenty-eighth Regiment at Quatre-Bras' that a struggle almost amounting to a combat ensued, in which ladies took part, one of them being driven bodily, with an audible collision, against the bayonets of the soldiers in the front rank." . . . The *Athenaeum* thinks of "the equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc, set up a year or two ago in Paris, that notwithstanding its defects, which are, however, rather sins against convention than serious demerits, there can be no doubt that it is a striking and spirited example of modern sculpture in bronze." This statue, to our mind, is ridiculously bad; had it been set up in New York by an American artist, it would be pointed at universally as convincing proof of our national inferiority in the arts. . . . "In accordance," says the *Athenaeum*, "with a practice we have several times admired, the French have set up in the Champs-Élysées another statue, which is intended for exportation. This work represents Norodom I., King of Cambodia, at full size, on horseback, and it is a portrait to the life of the monarch, but unfortunately in a modern European general's dress, cocked hat in hand. It is the work of M. Ende, and a capital specimen of picturesque sculpture, and full of spirit." We hope this opinion of the *Athenaeum's* is no more sound than that on the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, just quoted. . . . A contemporary makes mention of three new pictures under way by Mr. B. F. Reinhart. One is a conception of Columbia. "The young lady has a star upon her forehead and a crown of leaves within her hand. She has on the conventional clothing, in quantity contrasting forcibly with the amount worn by Columbia's daughters. About her feet are the emblems of her sovereignty. 'The Return of the Queen of the Fairies' is another work by Mr. Reinhart. A pensive-looking young creature, supplied with feet, but superior to them, floats above the green grass attended by a train of maidens, her fairy companions. These glide gayly along in couples with their little wings spread, and on either side are cherubim loves leading

the way. 'Watching the Gap' is a more prosaic work under way, as the boy evidently thinks who has flung himself sullenly on the rails, his dog by his side, to guard some lazy sheep cropping daisies in the field below." . . . The ART JOURNAL for July, in continuation of its series of papers, with examples on wood, of our American painters, will give a sketch of Mr. E. Wood Perry, with well-executed engravings of two of his recent paintings. It will also contain an article on the French painter Corot, with portrait and two examples of his style. The usual variety of steel plates and detached articles will also be given. . . . The German landscape painter, Karl Reichardt, recently discovered in Venice six large tapestries of Gobelins manufacture, copied from Rubens's celebrated paintings in the gallery of the Prince of Liechtenstein, in Vienna, representing events in the life of Decius Mus. . . . A large panel-painting by Rubens, representing the Virgin appearing to St. Francis, has, it is reported, been discovered in the church of Notre-Dame, at Cassel. The circumstance that led to its discovery is thus related in the *Chronique*: It having been judged necessary that some of the pictures that ornamented the church of Cassel should be restored, the work was confided to a young artist of the town, who, on cleaning the picture of St. Francis, found to his astonishment that, as the thick coating of dirt that covered the picture gradually disappeared, a work by Rubens came to light.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

THE Horticultural Exhibition in the orangery of the Tuileries has just closed. It was really wonderfully well worth visiting, notwithstanding the fact that in extent it could not compare with similar displays at home. But every article on exhibition was the choicest of its kind, and merited close examination and much admiration. The long terrace, stretching along the Place de la Concorde, was devoted to the display of garden-tools, summer-houses, small hot-houses, and decorative articles in porcelain and majolica ware, as well as various specimens of patent manures and insect-killers. The orangery itself was filled with palms and azaleas, the show of the latter being very fine and wonderfully brilliant. Another long building was given up to the other flowers. Of roses there was a peculiarly fine display, some giant specimens being as large as an ordinary tea-saucer. There were some exquisite specimens of the lovely rose known as the Gloire de Dijon, which attains far greater perfection here than it does in our more changeable climate. The geraniums were the most beautiful flowers exhibited; some varieties of richest carmine, with the petals edged with white, were perfectly marvelous in their loveliness. A beautiful fountain in rock-work surmounted by a figure of Neptune in iron painted white, was much admired, the water dripping down the front of the rock-work serving to keep fresh and beautiful long fronds of fern and dainty specimens of moss. The display of fruit and vegetables was not very extensive, but among the last was exhibited asparagus with stalks literally as thick as the arm of a plump baby of three months old. A table of tropical fruits, among which were some gigantic lemons from Algiers, attracted much attention. There was displayed on it a jar of the so-called palm-cabbage, the heart of the palm-tree, to obtain each one of which

a tree at least ten years old must be destroyed. This costly delicacy had a very tempting appearance, looking as it did like thick sticks of white candy. It is said to be when fresh the most delicious vegetable known. On this same table I noticed a small basket bearing the imposing title of "Genuine Karakauri, from Algiers," which strikingly-named article was no other than that well-known refreshment of Bowery boys and theatre-going youths in general at home, which we know by the less important title of pea-nuts. We must go abroad to learn what things really are curious and wonderful. One of the prettiest inventions exhibited was a frame for the display of cut flowers. It was composed of hoops of gilt brass rising in diminishing ratio in the shape of a pyramid—or rather like an old-fashioned stand for custard-cups; these hoops were set thick with tiny crystal cups, each hooked on with a brass pin, and intended to be filled with water, and to contain each a single flower. It was filled for the exhibition with pansies of every style, and the effect of this mass of velvety, soft-shaded blossoms thus grouped close together in a pyramid was very beautiful. A lady sat opposite to it engaged in making a drawing of it in water-colors. The gold medals were gained by the exhibitors of the azaleas and the roses; a special premium being awarded to the proprietor of the giant asparagus.

The funeral of the regretted George Bizet, the young composer of the most successful new opera of the past season—namely, "Carmen," at the Opéra Comique—took place last Saturday. The church was densely crowded, many of the leading musical celebrities of Paris being present, and many being moved to tears. The event was certainly one of unusual sadness as well as of importance in the world of art. The pall-bearers included Gounod, Ludovic Halévy, Ambroise Thomas, and the celebrated dramatist Camille Doucet. The young composer was only thirty-six years of age. His career, though brief, has been a brilliant one. At the age of thirteen he gained the first prize of the Conservatoire for the piano. At eighteen he carried off the grand prize of Rome. He afterward successfully competed for a prize offered by Offenbach for the best comic opera, his composition being entitled "Les Pêcheurs de Perles." Several *morceaux* from it attained great popularity. He afterward wrote the music for a melodrama called "L'Artésienne." The play was a failure, but the music was much admired, and was subsequently performed at the Pasedeloup concerts with great success. His greatest triumph was achieved, however, by his opera of "Carmen," which was rapturously received at the Opéra Comique last winter. Only one more step remained to him, the boards of the Grande Opéra, and M. Halanzier was in treaty with him for a five-act opera for that establishment. Fame and Fortune, after eighteen years of toil, had already begun to smile upon him when sudden death, in the shape of an apoplectic attack, struck him down while in apparent enjoyment of undiminished health and vigor. He leaves behind him a wife, the daughter of the eminent composer Halévy (the author of "La Juive"), and one child. The music of the funeral-mass was executed by the Pasedeloup orchestra, and the solos of the requiem were sung by the leading artists of the Opéra Comique. No recent death in artistic circles in France has called forth more heart-felt and widely-expressed regret.

The past week has witnessed some important announcements from the book-publishers. Gladly Brothers announce for speedy publica-

tion their long-talked-of edition of the "Imitation of Jesus Christ," for which Alexandre Dumas is to write a preface, as I mentioned in a former letter. The work is to be illustrated from drawings by Jean Paul Laurens, and is to contain over three hundred and fifty woodcuts in the text, besides five large plates, including a head of Christ after Leonardo da Vinci. "Our 'Manon Lescaut' will be completely eclipsed," announce the publishers, with odd but unconscious irreverence. The edition will cost over twenty thousand dollars, and is to be one of the finest specimens of the typographical art of France which this century has yet produced. The "Acts and Words" of Victor Hugo, which is to be issued by Michel Levy Brothers, is divided into three parts, comprising as many volumes, which divisions are to be entitled, respectively, "Before Exile," "During Exile," and "After Exile." The first part is to appear in a day or two, preceded by a preface called "Law and Right," which preface is also to be issued as a separate pamphlet. The same firm also announce as nearly ready Count de Gasparin's "Thoughts on Liberty," the third and fourth volumes of the Count de Paris's "History of the Civil War in America," with further numbers of the atlas thereunto belonging, and the "Life and Works of Sainte-Beuve," by the Vicomte d'Haussonville. The firm of Didier & Co. will issue, in the course of the month, Mignet's "Rivalry between Francis I. and Charles V." Richard Lesclide has in press a translation of "The Raven" of Edgar A. Poe by Mallarmé, which is to be illustrated with five plates from designs by Manet. As Manet's new theories in art do not, we believe, extend to drawing, it is to be hoped that these illustrations from his pencil will be more acceptable than his recent paintings have been. And, *à propos* of Manet, I was recently told that the wife of an American artist of distinction was congratulating Madame Manet one day on the excellent position in which her husband's much-laughed-at "Argenteuil" had been placed in the Salon.

"Ah, yes," made answer the poor lady; "but I cannot bear to go near it, for, whenever I do, I hear such unkind remarks about it."

There is, of course, a good deal of gossip afloat respecting the award of medals at the Salon. It is said that the medal of honor would have been bestowed upon George Becker, whose "Respha," though a most unpleasant picture, is undoubtedly one of great originality and power. But Cabanel, who once painted a picture of the same subject, and Carolus Duran, who had hoped for the medal himself, opposed the award, and that successfully.

An important musical discovery has just been made at Bergamo, in Italy. An examination was recently made of a chest preserved there which contained the manuscripts left unfinished by Donizetti (who was a native of Bergamo) at his death. Therein was found the original partition of a musical farce called the "Campanello dello Speciale," of which Donizetti had composed not only the music, but the words; the partition of "Two Men and One Woman," of which the words were by Gustave Væz; and, most important discovery of all, the manuscript of an opera in three acts entitled "The Duke of Alva," with the original libretto in French, by Eugène Scribe. The first act is completely finished, and ready for representation; of the two others, the principal *morceaux* only are composed. These being ready, however, it will be an easy matter to prepare the recitatives, and with this task three young composers have been charged.

It is expected that the whole work will be ready for representation early in the fall. It will first be performed in Italy, and, if successful there, will probably be transferred to the boards of Paris and London. If it be as good in its way as was "Don Pasquale," which was, I believe, Donizetti's last-represented opera, the discovery is, indeed, an important one.

The Grand Prix de Paris, that leading event in social and sporting circles here, came off last Sunday, that being the first Sunday in June. The Observatory, which attempts over here to fill the office of "Old Probabilities" with us, but with lamentable ill success, announced rain-storms and lowering clouds for the whole day. Of course not a drop of rain fell, and, if the sky were not completely cloudless, so much the better, as the soft haze which obscured the atmosphere toward the close of the afternoon served to temper the heat, which might else have been thought extreme for this latitude. The crowd was enormous, even exceeding in numbers that of last year, and the toilets were radiant to behold. Such exquisite combinations of color and material can hardly be imagined. The favorite tint was pale blue, certain groups of ladies on the tribunes looking like clusters of animated forget-me-nots in their exquisite costumes of silk and *sarab*. Madame de MacMahon looked her very worst in a dress of *écarle* yellow with a bonnet of yellow straw trimmed with oats and poppies. Her face was flushed with the heat, and altogether she looked thoroughly uncomfortable. Madame de Molins, the empress of Spain, and her two daughters, occupied places in the presidential box; the young ladies are very pretty and animated brunettes, and looked very charming in their Spanish mantilla-veils of white guipure-lace. The great race of the day, the Grand Prix, created an intense excitement, Claremont, the English horse, being looked upon as a most dangerous competitor for the prize. It was whispered abroad that the Prince of Wales, his owner, had come over *incognito* to witness his triumph, and that he was present on the ground in disguise. Be this as it may, the English horses fared but badly, none of them being even placed, while *Salvator*, who was not one of the favorites, carried off the victory from the French favorites *Nougat* and *St. Cyr*. The drive home was only to be accomplished at a snail's pace, so densely were the Avenue de l'Impératrice and the Avenue des Champs-Élysées packed with carriages, the throng extending from the gates of the Bois de Boulogne fairly down to the *road-point*. The colors of M. Lupin (black and red) were conspicuous in many carriages on the homeward drive. Isabelle, *ex-bouquetière* of the Jockey Club, was present on the ground, but neglected and shorn of all her importance and all her glory.

Poor M. Bagier, the ex-director of the Italian Opera, has not yet seen the end of his troubles. He sued the members of his orchestra the other day for damages on account of their having broken up his season by striking work and refusing to play, and that, too, when their salaries had been regularly paid. He lost his lawsuit, and immediately one of his ex-prima donnas, Mademoiselle Angeli, sued him for two months' salary on the ground that the season *ought* to have continued for two months after it came to an abrupt close. But the lady was unsuccessful, and very justly, too. The odd fact came out on the trial that this young lady's salary amounted to only one hundred dollars (five hundred francs) a month. Please take notice, O ye aspiring mu-

sical students who aim at the position of prima donna to the Italian Opera of Paris! It is rumored that Strakosch is to be the director of that institution next winter, that he has already taken the Salle Ventadour, and that he has engaged Patti for a brief series of representations, all of which is pleasant news if it be only true. Our young countrywoman Miss Abbott went over to London some three weeks ago to prepare for making her *début* under the auspices of Manager Gye, of Covent Garden. She was to have made her first appearance in "La Fille du Régiment," but after her first rehearsal she was told that the version she had studied was not that usually presented on the English boards, and she would be obliged to relearn the opera entirely. So her *début* is again postponed, and this time for an indefinite period. She has been studying under Wartel, the celebrated instructor of Nilsson, so it is strange that he should have guided her so far astray as regards the opera in question.

LUCK H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE series of articles now appearing in Mr. Yates's paper—the *World*—on "The English Press," are creating quite a sensation among journalists. They (the articles, not the journalists) are terribly caustic. You will remember I quoted from one of them the other week. The last is on the *Athenæum*—a paper Mr. Yates has little reason to be friendly with. This is how it opens:

"In some parts of the country the *Athenæum* is believed to be the final arbiter upon all literary questions, great or small. Its judgments are obediently accepted as the highest expression of cultivated opinion, and there is an odd superstition that authors who fail to gain the applause of the *Athenæum* at once retire from the profession. The journal is, in fact, regarded as a sort of literary Warwick, whose time is spent in making kings of literature; and those who indulge this strange belief would as soon think of questioning the validity of a legal sentence as of doubting the authority of the *Athenæum*. We in London who know the journal better would not do it this wrong. For some time past we have been wont to look to our *Athenæum* rather for amusement than instruction, and to trust it if at all more as a newspaper than an organ of criticism."

The writer—a gentleman who at one time was on the staff of the *Times*, 'tis rumored—then goes on to rail against "the style of" the *Athenæum's* "criticism," which he declares "remains for the most part curiously devoid of power or courage. . . . A new poem is boiled down as if it were a statistical report," adds he; "its verdicts are, as a rule, commonplace; the errors it falls into are many." *A propos* of these last, let me quote the final sentences:

"Readers of the *Athenæum* will remember the sad blunder about Kents, when it published as new a letter which had long been familiar to every reader of Lord Houghton's charming biography. But this was as nothing compared to the review of Mr. Tennyson's 'Holy Grail,' in 1869, on which occasion, and in order to prove that the poet's powers had not failed, the innocent journal quoted a long passage from the 'Morte d'Arthur,' published in 1842. There are some journals, as there are some men, who never get too old to sow wild-oats, and of the wild-oats of the *Athenæum* these are fair samples."

Sir Charles Dilke has often told me that the *Athenæum* claims to be a literary newspaper, and nothing more; but the *World*, as you see, sets it up on a higher pedestal, in order to pull it down again. Of one thing I am certain: there is not a more fairly-conducted periodical in the universe than this same *Athe-*

næum. Let its best-known writers express a wish to review such and such a book, and he is sure not to get it. "He would not ask for it if he were not for some reason or other inclined to praise or 'slate' it." Sir Charles or his lieutenant, Mr. McColl, would say: "Of course, however unjust notices occasionally appear, they ever will appear in the best-regulated papers so long as authors and critics have gall-bladders, and are so 'touchy.'"

I wish I were Dr. Kenealey—yes, I really do. One could put up, I imagine, with a great deal of censure and ridicule—one wouldn't mind writing one's self down an ass—for four hundred pounds a week, and that is what the irrepressible doctor—the "member for Orton," as the *World* has dubbed him—is making out of the *Englishman*. A little bird has been whispering to me how he does it, and, in duty bound, I must confide it to you. Well, the circulation of the doctor's paper is over a hundred thousand copies weekly—say a hundred thousand. These he sells at two shillings and pence a quire of twenty-seven—that is, he sells three thousand seven hundred and four quires. Now, three thousand seven hundred and four two and pences is, if I mistake not—how I hate figures!—five hundred and twenty-four pounds fourteen shillings and eightpence—the total sum derived from the sale of the scurrilous sheet. As to the expenses, they are comparatively trifling. Suppose we say that in all they amount to one hundred and twenty-four pounds fourteen shillings and eightpence—they certainly do not amount to more—and four hundred pounds remain. Verily, the member for Stoke must bless the day that he came across that "tun of a man," Arthur Orton!

Mr. Henry Blackburn, the author of "Artists and Arabs," has hit upon an excellent idea. He is about to produce, through Messrs. Chatto and Windus, a shilling hand-book, called "Academy Notes," the letter-press of which will be interspersed with forty etchings of the principal pictures just now on view at Burlington House. He intends, he tells me, to bring a similar volume out yearly. Some one should take the hint in regard to your own Academy.

A new sixpenny monthly magazine will very soon be started here. It will consist entirely of light literature—of matter that those who run may read. The first number will contain about ten contributions—poems, sketches, stories—by well-known English and American authors. Your humble servant will edit it. I feel certain there is room for a really readable sixpenny; at present Mrs. Henry Wood's magazine—the *Argosy*—is the only one in the field worth mentioning.

Mr. George Barnett Smith informs me that he is going to issue a book from the essays on well-known authors which he has contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Cornhill*, the *Contemporary*, and other periodicals. Some of these essays are very well worth preserving, notably those on Thackeray and Shelley. Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. will be the publishers. Browning, I may tell you, takes a great interest in young Mr. Smith. He is constantly writing to him, and the poet's letters are ever a delight for two reasons. They are not only always prettily couched, but they are invariably written in the neatest of neat hands. So far as manuscript goes, Mr. Browning would have made an admirable lawyer's clerk. A word as to another well-known poet whose name begins with a B. Mr. Buchanan has been engaged for some months past on a *may-nun opus*. He is still staying "far from the madding crowd"—in short, in one of the most

outlandish parts of Ireland, a place where meat is to be had at about fourpence a pound, eggs for a halfpenny each, and milk for next to nothing. Verily, a poet's paradise!

You will, by-and-by, have one of our most ardent disciples of Isak Walton among you—Mr. W. Senior, "Red Spinner" of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Mr. Senior intends writing a book on "The Rod in America." A volume of his *Gentleman* articles has already been published over here under the title of "Waterside Sketches," and has sold remarkably well. All lovers of the "gentle art" who are off for their holidays are putting it in their knapsacks. Mr. Senior, I should add, is one of the "specials" of the *Daily News*, and there is scarcely a British river that he has not fished in. He is looking forward to rare sport on your side the Atlantic—a bad lookout for the flny tribe!

One of your enterprising American correspondents has been "interviewing" my friend Mr. John Ingram, Poe's new editor. Said correspondent had seen a paragraph in one of your papers stating that Mr. Ingram was about to start for the States on a lecturing tour; so, naturally, he at once determined to ascertain that gentleman's views of things in general. However, he was doomed to disappointment. Mr. Ingram is a somewhat reticent young man, and—at least so he tells me—was not to be drawn out. Moreover, he has not the slightest idea of taking to lecturing. Mr. "Special" naturally, therefore, went away not a little crestfallen. Why doesn't he call on Kenealey? The doctor's voice falls upon mine ears as I write. My office is above his. Just now he is holding forth to his shop-boy.

Mr. Bronson Howard, who is mixing a great deal in "society" here, is going to Berlin in a few weeks to see a German version of his "Saratoga." Just now he is enjoying himself amazingly on our silver-flowing Thames. He is a capital oarsman. The quiet beauty of our English scenery seems to have many charms for him. He has, by-the-way, more than one new play in hand.

Mr. Charles Gibbon, the author of "Robin Gray," has determined on altering the title of his forthcoming novel. It will not be called "Ravelston," but "What will the World say?" The world will, I have no doubt, say that the story is a very good one indeed.

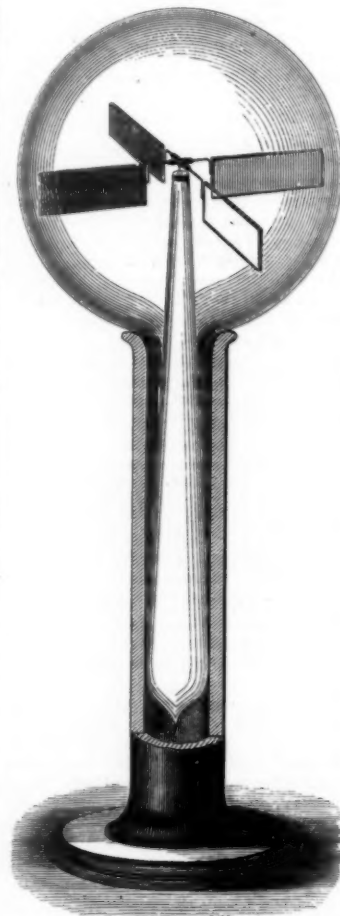
WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

IS LIGHT A MECHANICAL FORCE?

WE only wish it were possible to so approach the subject now under review as to impress upon our readers at the outset the true significance and value of the discovery to which it relates. It appears almost incredible that, in spite of the untiring labors of mind, begun with the first dawn of human intelligence, and continued with constantly-augmented activity through the ages, such a truth as that now demonstrated should have so long remained unrevealed, and that, with our knowledge of the so-called physical forces, and the laws which govern their action, we should have until this late day remained in ignorance regarding the true nature of the familiar phenomenon of light. That in many of its properties light is a force has been clearly demonstrated, and, by the aid of certain chemical agencies, it has been fully proved that the force exercised

by the light-waves is but another manifestation of that which, as electricity, makes the magnet powerful, or, as heat, results in combustion and the consequent generation of mechanical motion; but that light possesses a motive power in itself—that is, that these light-waves, as we call them, exercise a direct repellent force when interrupted, just as do the waves of the sea as they beat upon the coast, or the wind-currents as they press against the mariner's sail—who ever dreamed of this? It is to this new conception respecting the motive power of light that attention is now briefly directed, and, if we are content to go no further at present than the mere notice of



the discovery, and a description of the methods by which the truth is demonstrated, it is because its possible results are so numberless and far-reaching that to name them, even without discussion, would carry us beyond our allotted limits. From several recent sources of information on this subject we glean the following facts: In August of 1873 Mr. William Crookes read a brief paper before the Royal Society, in which he just hinted at the possible results which might be obtained through a course of experiments he was then conducting. It was not, however, until the month of May last that this earnest worker came boldly forward and, by the

aid of ingenious mechanical and physical appliances, proceeded to the visible demonstration of the theory which, in his eyes, had already attained to the dignity of a natural law. "Mr. Crookes began," says the report, "by stating that, in the paper from which he had previously read to the society, he had made known how a lever arm of pith, delicately suspended in a very perfect vacuum, was repelled by the impact of light or radiant heat." Now, if any school-boy will consult even the latest work on natural philosophy, he will there read that light, apart from heat, has no physical force whatever, and the fact that an ordinary balance suspended in *vacuo* was not affected by light-rays has been used as an argument against Newton's emission theory. Yet it now appears by Mr. Crookes's experiments that certain of the needed conditions had not been properly observed, and that it was possible, under proper conditions, to secure positive and even rapid mechanical motion by the aid of light-waves alone. Passing by the more complicated of these demonstrations, attention is directed to the form and construction of one of these appliances, for the better understanding of which the accompanying illustration is given. This device is known as the "radiometer," and by it the true character of radiant heat and of light-waves may be demonstrated.

As described, this apparatus consists of four arms suspended on a steel point resting on a cap, so that the arms are able to revolve horizontally upon their central pivot, just the same, in fact, as the arms of an anemometer revolve. To the extremity of each arm of straw in the apparatus made by Mr. Crookes is fastened a thin disk of pith, white on one side and black on the other, the black surface of all the disks facing the same way; the pith disks are each about the size of a sixpence. The whole arrangement is inclosed in a glass globe, which is then exhausted to the highest attainable point and hermetically sealed.

Now, in order to demonstrate the motive power of light by aid of this apparatus, it was only needed that the globe, with the inclosed mimic windmill, be so placed that it should receive direct rays either of sunlight or from some artificial source, when the fans would at once be acted upon, resulting in their rapid revolution about the central pivot, continuing as long as the light remained. Lest there should be a doubt as to whether it might not be heat-waves which, coming from the same source as the light, were yet in truth the motors, a screen of alum was introduced between the light and the globe, and by this means the light only was transmitted. Still the same result followed. Again, thinking that there might possibly be some electrical conditions about the pith which incited it to action, these disks were removed, and those of thin platinum substituted, and, to cover the possible effects of disengaged moisture in causing the motion, these metal disks were heated to redness, and the globe put in a perfect non-electrical condition. All these changes were made in obedience to objections raised by doubters, and yet the little windmill, obedient to the repellent force of the light-rays exercised against

the dark sides of the disk, moved the same as before. We are informed that, with one of the instruments, the arms revolved once in one hundred and eighty-two seconds, when a candle-flame was placed at a distance of twenty inches; when this distance was decreased to ten inches, the time occupied for one revolution was forty-five seconds; and at six inches the revolution was made in eleven seconds. By this it will be seen that the motive force of light seems to obey the same law as that governing its intensity—that is, it varies inversely as the square of the distance. It is the approach to exactness in these results which affords the strongest proof of the justice of Mr. Crookes's conclusions, and it also appears that in this instrument we have a new and exact method of making actinometrical measurements. While, as before suggested, we have no intention of reviewing at greater length the possible effect of this discovery upon established theories, astronomical and physical, yet there can be no doubt that, when the new theory shall have been sufficiently verified to justify its adoption, the result will be manifested in a modification of certain established opinions regarding the character of centrifugal force, the influence of light upon the celestial waves, the true nature of comets' tails, etc. President Barnard, in an extended review of this discovery, does not hesitate to affirm that "it may give rise to much more important discoveries perhaps than any contribution to celestial mechanics since the law of gravitation was demonstrated by Newton." And, so far as the inquiries have progressed, we learn that "such eminent men as Professors Stokes and Huxley, Dr. Carpenter, Mr. Norman Lockyer, and others, agree that the demonstration was perfect." At present, the chief opponent of the theory is Professor Osborne Reynolds, and, when the full report of this gentleman's views is received, we shall again return to the discussion of the subject. Indeed, it may not be necessary to await this protest, since, should the facts as they now stand be indorsed by other observers, our readers may expect to become as familiar with the new theory as they are now with that of gravitation. Regarding the possible effects of this discovery upon the present views, a recent enthusiastic reviewer closes the report of his observations as follows: "It seems not impossible that our mathematicians, calculating from the small surface of these disks the motive force of sunlight, may soon tell us pretty accurately what is the aggregate power which the luminous rays of the sun command, and nothing of this, by the law of forces, can be really wasted. 'Let there be light: and there was light,' seems to derive a new majesty of meaning from the discovery which shows us this subtle something, no mere undulation nor 'mode of motion,' but a living force as well as the illumination of all life. It does appear as if a marvelous expansion of knowledge is about to open as a result of these delicate experiments."

In a recent note on submarine tunnels, we announced that it had been proposed to open a tunnel beneath the Straits of Gibraltar. At

that time, however, we were not in possession of certain valuable information which is now given to our readers. This information comes to us in the form of a letter from Ensign Busbee of Admiral Worden's staff, in which the writer ventures the theory that an opening already exists beneath the strait, and is in constant use as a highway between Europe and Africa. It is true that the frequenters of this route are only monkeys; but if monkeys, why not men? Leaving it for the engineering commission to settle the fact of the tunnel, the story of the monkeys as told by our correspondent will be found sufficiently entertaining to merit a perusal, while the possible truth of the tunnel theory seems to justify us in giving it a place in the science column. The communication is as follows:

"Few places in Europe have been more thoroughly 'written up' than Gibraltar. Each transient visitor feels called upon to dilate in glowing rhetoric upon its 'craggy cliffs,' its 'frowning batteries,' etc.; but, in the descriptions that I have seen, an important omission has struck me. Of course I refer to the monkeys—for in Gibraltar alone, of all Spain, of all Europe, can be found veritable wild monkeys."

"That this almost inaccessible rock should be the only place in Europe in which these animals are found is singular, but the manner in which they get there is much more wonderful."

"The doubter may hesitate to believe what I am about to state, but let him that hesitates keep away from Gibraltar; as for myself, I had rather face the muzzles of the Garden Battery than to hint a suspicion of unbelief to the old sergeant at the Signal-Tower. This sergeant is the legal guardian of the monkeys, and it is his duty to provide them with food and drink when berries are scarce and rain infrequent. When he gives them drink he has to chain the saucers to trees, for the wretches used to amuse themselves, after drinking, by shying the saucers around in a very indiscriminate manner, some at the old man, others far out into the sea, and added to their enormities by laughing and chattering at the very natural expletives of their benefactor."

"These monkeys are seen in Gibraltar only at certain intervals, and at intervals they disappear. They come from Africa, from Morocco across the strait. There is a cave running down from the top of the rock, and underneath the strait there must be a passage. So strongly is this believed, that the nearest point in Africa, Apes' Hill, receives its name from the circumstance. These monkeys are in all respects like the little monkeys of Northern Africa, and when they are scarce on Apes' Hill, they abound on the Rock of Gibraltar; when there are none on the rock, they are much more numerous on the other side. The cave has never been explored by man, though several adventurous engineers and others have lost their lives in the endeavor to descend it."

"These animals could not come from Spain, for they would be obliged to cross the 'Neutral Ground,' a perfectly barren strip of land, and certainly at some time traces of them would have been found: besides, if any were in Spain, such inveterate sportsmen as the English officers, hunting constantly as they do, would find them."

"One can imagine a young monkey of Africa, a nascent Kane or Livingstone, fired with enthusiasm, leaving home and friends with many a tearful remembrance from his mother, resolving to explore the chasm in Apes' Hill, or to perish in the effort. Not

Columbus nor Vasco de Gama so challenges our admiration as this dauntless monkey, and when, after daring the dangers of sea and land, he returned to his tribe, we may well imagine how the choicest fruit was plucked in honor of the voyager. As his comrades listened to the story of his adventures, and heard his recountal of the sights he had witnessed, many doubtless vowed to emulate his courage, until finally the passage came to be regarded as a simple matter, and all aristocratic monkeys came to pass the season on the rock, and Gibraltar became the Saratoga of the apes."

"The plan to tunnel the English Channel may eventually be carried out, and massive arches, erected with line and plummet, may support the water's weight; but when one takes in Calais the cars for Dover, let him remember that this idea is not original. The monkeys as they cross and recross in their tunnel will have the keen satisfaction of knowing that their Darwinian brothers are but copyists of them, and that theirs is the original submarine passage. Whether it was not made with hands, or whether the monkeys made it before they descended into man, matters not. Here these little fellows will journey at their leisure until the waves of the two seas may prove too strong, and the earth, giving way over their thoroughfare, shall separate them forever from their forefathers' graves."

"Every one in Gibraltar is deeply interested in the monkeys, and the fine for troubling them is heavy. When one dies, the fact is noted in the record kept by the old sergeant, and generally finds its way into the newspapers."

The introduction of electric indicators and signals into our hotels and other buildings has at present been made of service only as indicating the room from which the bell was rung. This signal has to be answered by a waiter, who is then often dispatched on some slight errand, such as bringing water, calling a general messenger, etc. Recognizing the value of some improvement which would enable the occupant of the room to indicate within a limited range the purpose of the signal, M. Detrayeux has devised the following plan, which is favorably noticed in the *Bulletin de la Société d'Encouragement*: Under each number of the indicator at the clerk's desk there is placed a board on which is a printed list of the more common requirements in hotels. Over this list an index-needle is so adjusted that it may move freely up or down, stopping before any name upon it. In the traveler's room is a corresponding list and index-finger in addition to the common button now in use. The general operation of the device is as follows: The occupant of the room adjusts the index-needle so that it shall point to the desired object, and then touches the electric button. The signal is transmitted to the indicator, which, being constructed with a view to these complications, rings a bell, at the same time causing the index-needle to move in accord with the one at the more distant end of the line. The attention of the waiter or hall-boy is attracted by the bell, and he reads its purpose from the list indicated by the needle, and, having restored the latter to its place, proceeds to answer the request without further inquiry. It is proposed to so adapt the needle in the room that when the current is checked by the waiter below it will take its normal position automatically; thus the one ringing will be informed that his request is about to be answered. All this may seem to involve mechanism too complicated to be of service,

and yet the method is essentially the same as that now in general use in the "district telegraph," whereby either a doctor, messenger, or policeman, may be summoned.

We have frequently taken occasion, in our reviews of scientific progress in England, to notice the violence with which the journal *Nature* has expressed its opinions regarding any lack of zeal manifested by the government in the cause of science. The present, however, being a dull season at home, the pen of this editor is forced to seek other objects for denunciation and rebuke, as is illustrated by the following from that journal of June 3d: "We are very much surprised, and on all accounts it is greatly to be regretted, that the Legislature of Massachusetts has rejected the bill for a new survey of the State to which we have already referred. Massachusetts is known all the world over as being one of the most intelligent and best-educated States in the Union. Evidently, however, the State schools are too strong in arithmetic; a Mr. Plunkett brought some extraordinary calculations before the House, showing that the survey would cost nearly a million and a half of dollars, and occupy nearly a hundred years! Besides an advanced and accomplished calculator, the Massachusetts Legislature is also happy in the possession of a 'funny man,' a Mr. Rice, who seems occasionally to relieve the severity of Mr. Plunkett's extreme calculations by bright flashes of buffoonery. Mr. Rice described the proposed survey as 'sending young men with muck-rakes to scratch the sterile soil of the State and make pictures.'"

THE sudden death of Joseph Winlock, late director of the observatory of Harvard College, is an event which will be sincerely mourned by the world of science, where he had attained so high and worthy a fame, and by the many associates whom he honored by his friendship. It is seldom that the philosopher creates for himself a fame of such a nature as to attract the attention and command the reverence of the poet; hence the following sonnet by Lowell, composed in memory of the dead astronomer, will be received as a special mark of honor:

"Thy soul and stalwart, man of patient will
Through years one half's-breadth on our Dark to gain,
Who, from the stars he studied not in vain,
Had learned their secret to be strong and still,
Careless of fames that earth's tin trumpets fill;
Born under Leo, broad of build and brain,
He watched while others slept, in that hushed
faux
Of Science, only witness of his skill:
Sudden as falls a shooting-star he fell.
But inextinguishable his luminous trace
In mind and heart of all that knew him well.
Happy man's doom! To him the fates were
known
Of orbs dim-hovering on the skirts of space,
Unprescent, through God's mercy, of his own!"

THE students at Caius College, Cambridge (England), have recently founded a society on a basis that might be imitated among our own institutions. The organization is designed for the diffusion of scientific knowledge among the members of the college, for the reading of essays on scientific subjects, and for the holding of scientific discussions. Whatever may be the view taken by undergraduates, we do not question that the alumni of American colleges are often led to regret that the zeal demanded of them in the support of their so-called secret organization had not been put to better service in advancing their intellectual culture. And now that the scientific depart-

ments of our universities are gaining so strong a hold and so high a rank, any movement made in them in favor of some decided reform in the constitution and purposes of their societies would add one more to their many claims for a favorable recognition and increased patronage.

In a recently-published supplement to *Petermann's Mittheilungen* there is presented, in connection with other valuable statistical information, the following estimate regarding the total population of the globe: The grand total is now given at 1,396,843,000 souls, and the general distribution as follows: Europe, 302,973,000; Asia, 798,907,000; Africa, 206,007,000; America, 84,392,000; and Australia and Polynesia, 4,563,000.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

FROM the lamented Théophile Gautier's highly-entertaining book on "Constantinople" (reviewed in our "Literary" department last week) we select the larger part of the chapter on "Women:"

The first question invariably addressed to every traveler on his return from the East is, "Well, and the women?" To which each responds by a smile, more or less mysterious according to his degree of fatuity, implying, however, a fair amount of romantic adventures.

Whatever it may cost my self-love, I humbly avow that I have, in this particular, "no story to tell;" but am compelled, to my great regret, to send forth my narrative devoid of all incident of love or romance. A few such would certainly have served admirably to vary my descriptions of cemeteries, mosques, *takies*, palaces, and kiosks. Nothing is more charming in an Eastern tale than to read how an old woman, in a deserted street, made you a sign to follow her cautiously, and at a distance, and introduced you, by a secret door, into an apartment heaped with all the luxuries of the Orient, where, reclining upon a superb divan, a sultana, gleaming with jewels—which, however, paled beside her superb loveliness—impatiently awaited your coming, and received you with smiles of tenderness and welcome. In due course the adventure should terminate by the sudden arrival of the master, who scarcely leaves you time to fly by the back-door; unless, indeed, a more tragical climax is attained, by a contest from which you barely escape with life, and the plunge into the Bosphorus, at dead of night, of a sack which bears some vague resemblance to the human form.

This orthodox narrative of Eastern adventure, slightly varied in details, always passes current, and interests all readers; and, more especially, all "fair readers;" and, doubtless, it is not entirely without precedent that a young Giaour, handsome, rich, knowing thoroughly the language of the country, and residing in his own house in the Turkish fashion, should, with great peril to himself and absolute danger to the life of the lady, have an intrigue with a Turkish woman; but, if such a thing occurs, it is very rarely, indeed, and this for many and obvious reasons. First, the bolts and the gratings which intervene between the females and the rest of the world are tangible and unmistakable obstacles; then the difference of religion, and the unconquerable suspicion with which every Turk—the

women not excepted—instinctively regards all unbelievers, not to mention the difficulty, or almost impossibility, of that previous acquaintance which might awaken a mutual regard between the parties.

Besides this, it is to be remarked that in most European countries the world at large are rather disposed to connive and smile at any "flirtation" which is observed, even though the lady be a married woman; while in Turkey a *cawes*, a *lammal*, any man, of even the lowest grade, who should observe a Mohammedan woman speaking in the street to a Frank, or even exchanging the slightest sign of intelligence with him, would literally fall upon her with hand, and foot, and cudgel, and be warmly applauded for such brutality by any casual spectators, especially among the women. No one here understands the remotest approach to railleury on the subject of conjugal infidelity. The purely material jealousy of the Turks, and the precautions which it involves, protect them, almost invariably, from any cause of domestic scandal; although jocose allusions to the subject are made familiarly enough in the theatre of our friend Karagheuz, and in the course of the comic disputes incidental to his performances.

It is true that the Turkish women go out freely, take their walks and drives to the Valley of Sweet Waters, to Hyder Pasha, or to the Place of Sultan Bajazet; seat themselves beside the tombs of the Little Fields of Pera or Scutari; pass entire days at the bath, or in visits to their friends; talk beneath the porticoes of the mosques; lounge in the shops of the Bezetin; and sail, in *caïques* or steamers, upon the waters of the Bosphorus; but they have always some companion, be it a negress, or an old woman in the capacity of duenna, or, if they are rich, a eunuch, often more jealous than his master. If they are not thus accompanied—which exception is rare—a child, led by the hand, insures them respect; or even, in default of this protection, the tone of public manners watches over them, and "protects" them, perhaps a little more rigorously than they altogether desire. The excessive liberty of action which they enjoy is only apparent.

Foreigners have sometimes fancied themselves beloved by a Turkish woman, when they have, in fact, confounded the Armenians with the Turks, whose costume they wear, except the yellow boots, and whose manners and allurements they imitate so closely as to deceive any but a resident of the country. For this it suffices to have an old woman, who arranges her plans with a pretty young Armenian coquette, a rather credulous and romantic young man, and a rendezvous in a lonely house. Vanity does the rest; and the adventure generally terminates in the extortion of a sum of money—an insignificant circumstance, omitted from the subsequent narrative of the deluded Giaour, who imagines in his heroine at least the favorite slave of a pasha, if not one of the harem of the Grand-Seignior himself.

But, in real truth, the actual Turkish life is not less "hermetically sealed" than we have always supposed; and it is very difficult to even conjecture what passes behind those closely-trellised windows, the only view through which is that from within, each being furnished with a sort of bull's-eye, to enable those on the inner side to command a perfect view of all that passes without, while they themselves remain rigorously invisible.

Nor is it of any use to think of obtaining information from the natives of the country. As the author says at the commencement of "Namouna"—

"Utter silence reigns throughout this narrative."

To speak to a Turk of the women of his household is to commit the grossest possible breach of etiquette and politeness. It is forbidden to make the slightest allusion, even indirectly, to this delicate subject; and, of course, all such phrases as "How is your wife to-day?" (commonplace as they are to us) are quite banished from conversation. The most ferociously bearded and turbaned Turk would blush like a school-girl if he heard an inquiry so outrageously improper.

The embassadress of France, wishing to make a present to Redschid Pasha of some superb Lyons silks for the ladies of his harem, sent them to him with this brief note: "Pray accept some silks, which you will know better than any one how to use." To have expressed more plainly the object of the gift would have been bad taste, even in the eyes of Redschid Pasha, despite his familiarity with French manners; and the exquisite tact of the marchioness caused her to adopt a form of expression so gracefully vague as could not wound even the sensitive susceptibility of an Oriental.

It is, therefore, easy to understand that it would be singularly unbecoming to ask from a Turk any details as to the habits or customs of the harem, or the character and manners of the women. Even though he may have known you familiarly at Paris, have taken two hundred cups of coffee and smoked an equal number of pipes on the divan with you, he will, nevertheless, if you question him on this subject, stammer and hesitate, and evade your inquiries in every possible manner. Civilization, in this particular, has not advanced a single step. The only method to employ, in order really to obtain any authentic information, is to request some European lady, who is well introduced and has access to the harems, to recount to you faithfully that which she has seen. For a man, he may as well abandon at once the idea of knowing any thing more of the Turkish beauties than he is able to gather from the glimpses which he may snatch by surprise from beneath the awning of an *araba*, through the window of a *talika*, or beneath the shade of the cypresses of the cemetery, at some moment when heat or solitude has caused a momentary and partial withdrawing of the veil.

Still if one approaches too boldly, even under such circumstances—and especially if there chance to be any Turk within hearing—he draws upon himself a shower of such compliments as the following: "Dog of a Christian! miscreant! Gisaour! May the birds of the air soil your beard! May the plague dwell in your house! May your wife be childless!" the last being a Biblical and Mohammedan malediction of the utmost severity. It may, however, be suspected that this fury is more affected than real, and is, in great part, a piece of acting "for the gallery;" for a woman, even though a Turk, is seldom displeased at being admired; and among the Moslem women the secret of their beauty, no doubt, weighs somewhat upon their minds (as any other secret would do upon any female mind), and they are not sorry to have an occasional confidant of that sex which is best able to appreciate the value of the disclosure.

By the Sweet Waters of Asia—by leaning immovably against a tree or the fountain, in the attitude of one who is lost in profound reverie—I have been able to catch a glimpse of more than one lovely face but imperfectly concealed by a thin veil of gauze half withdrawn, and more than one snowy throat gleaming between the folds of a half-open *feridje*, while the eunuch was walking at a little distance, or gazing upon the steamboats on the

Bosphorus, assured by my assumed air of drowsiness and abstraction.

The Turks, however, see no more of them than the Giaours do. They never pass beyond the *selamluck*, even in the houses of their most intimate friends; and they are acquainted with no women but those of their own harems. When the inmates of one harem visit those of another the well-known custom of placing the slippers of the visitors upon the threshold of the harem which they are visiting at once announces the presence of strangers, and interdicts the entrance of the *odalick*, even to its own master, who thus finds him self, at any moment, shut out from a part of his own house. An immense female population, anonymous and unknown, circulates through this mysterious city, which is thus transformed into a sort of vast masquerade, with the peculiarity that the dominoes are never permitted to unmask. The father and the brother are the only males who are allowed to behold the faces of the daughters and sisters, who rigidly veil themselves for any relative of remoter degree; and thus a Turk may, in his whole life, have seen but half a dozen faces of Moslem women!

The possession of large and numerous harems is restricted to viziers, pashas, beys, and other persons of either great wealth or high rank, for their maintenance is enormously expensive, especially as each female who becomes a mother is entitled to her separate apartments and her own suite of slaves. The Turks of middle rank have rarely more than one wife (although legally entitled to espouse four), together with perhaps three or four purchased female slaves; and for them the rest of the sex remains in the condition of a myth or chimera. It is true that they can compensate themselves by looking at the women of other races—the Greeks, Jewesses, and Armenians, together with the few European ladies who extend their travels so far; but of the females of their own people they know absolutely nothing beyond the walls of their own harems.

The sentiment of love and the delicacies of courtship are, necessarily, almost unknown to the Moslemman. A Turk who wishes to marry has recourse to some woman of mature age, who exercises the profession of a matrimonial negotiator. This woman frequents the baths, and gives him a minute description of the personal charms of a certain number of *Asmés*, *Rouchens*, *Nourmahals*, *Leilas*, and other beauties of marriageable age, taking proper care, of course, to adorn with the greatest profusion of metaphors the portrait of the young girl whom she herself favors, or whom it is her interest to select. The effendi becomes a lover on the strength of her description; sprinkles with bouquets of hyacinths the path by which his veiled idol must pass; and, after the interchange of a few glances (his share of which is limited to such glimpses of a pair of eyes as he can snatch through the close-drawn veil), demands the maiden of her father, offering her a dowry proportioned to his passion and his fortune; and at length sees removed, for the first time, in the nuptial-chamber itself, the *yachmack* which has hitherto concealed the fair one's features from his longing gaze.

These marriages by procuration do not appear to give room for much more of mistake or deception than those which take place among us.

The entertaining writer in *Fraser* upon "German Home-Life" devotes her last ar-

ticle to "Language." Her comments upon the difficulties of titles are amusing:

At the language of official life, at the ridiculous titles official people claim, we have already glanced. The exactions in this direction are almost sufficient to frighten a simple-minded person out of society. Have you given the right man the right title? Is he a *Geheimerath*, or a *wirklicher Geheimerath*? Was that prince who affably condescended to address you a Royal, or a Transparent, or a Serene Highness? You have just addressed a lady (who has no right to the title) as *Excellence*, and made her your implacable enemy for life. You have occasion to write to a Roman Catholic clergyman, and you forever offend him by addressing him as *Ew. Hochschwürden*, which is a Protestant title, instead of *Ew. Hochwürden*, the correct Catholic style. How are you to know that privy councillors and presidents exact the predicate *Hochwohlgeboren*, which belongs of right to the nobility (second class), and how can you guess that a count must be addressed as "High-born" (*Hochgeboren*), or even, under some circumstances, as *Erlaucht*, a baron as "High-well-born" (*Hochwohlgeboren*), and that the common herd exact *Wohlgeboren*, as well as their own patronymic, on the letters you address to them? It once occurred to the writer of these pages to have occasion to send to a little Jew shopkeeper for a reel of silk or a skein of wool. The nearest townlet was ten miles distant, and, being unwilling to trust her commission to the rustic messenger, she wrote a note, dictated by a kind relative, to the shopkeeper in question. Left to herself, she addressed it to Herr Meyer, linen-draper, adding the name of the town, and deposited the letter on the hall-table. "What! will you then insult the people?" cried a critical and choleric cousin, snatching up the poor little missive; "you blame yourself" (*Du blamirst Dich*), "my best one, by such ignorance of the forms!" and, stripping off the offensive cover, he reinclosed it, writing in a fine, flourishing hand, "To the Well-born Mr. Jacob Meyer, Merchant" (*Kaufmann*). I felt quite ashamed to inclose the twopence-halfpenny that was to cover my debt in the face of such a grandiloquent address as this; the very poetry of commerce could do no more than build up such a structure on the foundation of the little Hebrew huckster's obscure shop.

Altogether the address upon a German letter is a serious affair, and cannot be attempted in any light spirit of enterprise. You have to consider your declensions, and to call to mind all the social and official prerogatives of the person you are addressing. No such slipshod, easy familiarity as General Smith or Colonel Jones can be tolerated. You must begin in one corner of the envelope, and, if you wish to be decent, end in the other, as:

Seiner Hochgeborenen
dem Grafen
Adalbert von Kanonen-Donner,
General-Major, Inspekteur
der K. K. Artillerie, etc., etc.,
Hieselbst,

or wherever else he may be; and, if your friend hold a civil appointment, a far more elaborate address will probably adorn the superscription.

In society a married lady is always addressed with the prefix of *gnädige*, or *gnädigste Frau* (gracious, or most gracious lady). If she have a title, it is not customary to use the family names in speaking to her; *Frau Gräfin* or *Frau Baronin* being deemed sufficient. Many persons use *meine Gnädigste* ("my

most gracious"), without further designation. Among female friends the formula is somewhat less ceremonious, *liebe Gräfin*, or *Generalia*, or *Geheimeräthin*, being sufficient. Young ladies are not addressed as "Miss" So-and-so, but by gentlemen invariably as *mein gnädiges Fräulein*. In Vienna the title *Comtesse*, in contradistinction to *Gräfin*, is only employed toward unmarried ladies. It is not customary to say "Colonel Rag" or "Major Famish;" *Herr Oberst* and *Herr Major* are the correct forms; *Herr Hauptmann* and *Herr Lieutenant*. In speaking of these gentlemen you may, of course, mention the family names of both the Rags and the Famishes. I may give an illustration of my meaning in the following experiences: I was equally well acquainted with a Baron Wolff and a Baron Behr, both members of well-known Courland families, but I never could remember which was which. It was of no great consequence, as safety was afforded in the convenient *Herr Baron*; but on more than one occasion it so happened that I had to speak of these gentlemen when others of the same rank were present. I was obliged to particularize, and I made a shot at the Wolff. The next time I took desperate aim, and it was at the Behr. I fancied Fate had favored me, until a cloud on the countenance of the latter gentleman informed me I had blundered. Meeting him a few days later in a shady avenue, he accosted me with a stiffness that was barely tempered by its cold civility. "I have perceived, my most gracious," he said, "that you are in the dark as to my insignificant personality (*meine unbedeutende Persönlichkeit*). You have on several occasions spoken of me in my presence as Baron Wolff; now, allow me to tell you that the Wolves are not to be compared with the Bears!" Crushed as I was by his *morgue* and magnificence, I could not but smile (as I muttered out my confused apologies) at the serious tone of his reproach.

Fatiguing alike, however, to alien ears and sense is the vicious abuse of the adverbial and adjectival form in the language of every-day life. An adjective and a note of admiration will serve, for instance, to express the feelings of a family all round. The emotions of a group surveying the beauties of Saxon Switzerland or the Rhine will be rendered as follows:

MAMMA. "Reisend!"
SOPHIE. "Himmlich!"
ADELHEID. "Wunderbar!"
HELOA. "Besaubernd!"
CHARLOTTE. "Entzückend!"

And so on *ad caput, ad infinitum*. At first, especially if the group be one of pretty girls, each shrieking out her little note of spasmodic admiration in a higher key than the last, you will think this pretty animation very *naïve* and charming, but by degrees it will pall upon you; you will wish that they could be persuaded to utter a few consecutive sentences; or you will regret that they should have begun with the climax. It is a common mistake to suppose that German travelers are morose; they are the most talkative of companions; they talk *pro bono*, and, like Tennyson's brook, though men may come, and men may go, they seem able to go on forever!

From a very charming paper in *Fraser* on "Peasant-Life in North Italy," we quote a well-drawn picture of the parish priest:

Italians love a goodly portion of gossip and loitering; and if foreign sayings about Italian impetuosity, and easily moved Italian feelings,

have been often exaggerated, these Apennine country-people are, on the other hand, no taciturn race. They are cunning to mould to their use the lithe tongue of their land, to adorn it with expletives, and to point it with gesticulation; and it is even this habit of noisy vociferation which has perhaps won them abroad their character—as little truly deserved—for curbless passions and vindictively cruel propensities. They are a kindly people enough in their mutual relations, and formed, indeed, by their very nature for warm, social life. They have need of a certain amount of free, neighborly intercourse, such as a quiet and colder temperament can scarcely understand; and hence it is that the life of an Italian community is to be learned in its open thoroughfares rather than its individual homes—as in the comparatively secretive life of northern lands. We must seek on cottage door-steps; in market-places, and piazzas, where men and women mix freely together, the true color of this Apennine people.

Mark them now as they stand about the parish church. Mass is just over—for it is one of the smaller *festas*—and the peasants are split into divers knots, where the interests peculiar to various ages and callings are ardently being discussed. Some of the people live on the far confines of the parish, and it is not often these meet with neighbors out of other hamlets—hence is there much to ask and to be said. The old priest comes forth now from the sacristy, and threads his way among the crowd. He has put off the most conspicuous part of his canonical apparel, and wears only a long black coat, with knee-breeches; black stockings, and buckles to his shoes; in his hand the three-cornered, ecclesiastical hat, which is in strict etiquette on a feast-day. To one side of the quadrangle a group of youths and maidens are gathered, and hither first the pastor turns his attention. They make way for him, and do not shrink or turn aside shame-stricken at his coming, as boys and girls would surely do in England when caught at their play by the minister. The maidens turn to

him instead, eagerly demanding his opinion, perhaps on some free and foolish rillery, or laughing with him at the discomfort of some too forward suitor, while the men are prompt and outspoken with their lightsome jokes and taunts. He laughs, too, and retaliates, being no way prudish in his talk. Of what use would it be, were the good man inclined ever so much to seek for the flaws and the specks upon the gray and homespun garments of his parishioners? Though his person be held in ever so great respect throughout the parish, though his voice be listened to in meekness and in awe within the holy precincts, and his counsels highly valued, and his upbraidings regarded at the confessional, without his office the priest's power is a mere name, and well he knows it. It is fortunate perhaps for him that, in most country parishes at least, he has learned to adapt himself to his standing. His own upbringing has probably not been such as to render him peculiarly sensitive to the mere outward grossness of speech, which is generally the worst feature about this frank and merry people. Who that is Italian, by birth and by nature, could have grown to be thus susceptible? A country parish priest, at all events, is not, and, as a rule, he gets on well, descending, when out of his religious duties, to the work and the interests of the peasants about him, happy enough, doubtless, in his own way, and careless of any great show of respect. Now he joins another party, and this time the group is one of old or seasoned men, whose interests are wrapped up in the crops and the coming fair. Hear him, as with avidity he discusses the country's prospects, or reconnoitres cautiously that he may know the better how to buy and to sell with advantage on Monday next. Here is no moon-struck priest, but a man of the world—poor, parsimonious, and prudent; poor, but not always stingy, not always grasping because he, too—though pinched and care-worn far more than the greater number of his people who have their own lands and crops—he, too, has the proverbial *buon cuore* of the Italians.

Notices.

ART-WORKERS IN SILVER.—THE GORHAM COMPANY, established 1831. Bridal, Christening, Birthday, and Household Silver. The most extensive and brilliant collection to be found in the city. Salesrooms, No. 1 Bond Street, near Broadway.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.—Send 10 cents for General Catalogue of Works on Architecture, Astronomy, Chemistry, Engineering, Mechanics, Geology, Mathematics, etc. D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 23 Murray Street, New York.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL is published weekly, price 10 cents per number, or \$4.00 per annum, in advance (postage prepaid by the publishers). The design of the publishers and editors is to furnish a periodical of a high class, one which shall embrace a wide scope of topics, and afford the reader, in addition to an abundance of entertaining popular literature, a thorough survey of the progress of thought, the advance of the arts, and the doings in all branches of intellectual effort. Travel, adventure, exploration, natural history, social themes, the arts, fiction, literary reviews, current topics, will each have large place in its plan. The JOURNAL is also issued in MONTHLY PARTS; subscription price, \$4.50 per annum, with postage prepaid. D. APPLETON & Co., Publishers, New York.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (Established May, 1872.) Conducted by Prof. E. L. Youmans. THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY was started to promote the diffusion of valuable scientific knowledge, in a readable and attractive form, among all classes of the community, and has thus far met a want supplied by no other periodical in the United States. The great feature of the magazine is, that its contents are not what science was ten or more years since, but what it is to-day, fresh from the study, the laboratory, and the experiment; clothed in the language of the authors, inventors, and scientists themselves, who comprise the leading minds of England, France, Germany, and the United States. THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY is published in a large octavo, handsomely printed from clear type, and, when the subject admits, fully illustrated. Terms: \$5 per annum (postage prepaid), or 50 cents per Number. APPLETONS' JOURNAL and THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, together, for \$8 per annum, postage prepaid. D. APPLETON & Co., Publishers, New York.

TO RAILWAY TRAVELERS.—In order to save trouble and anxiety in reference to which route to select previous to commencing your journey, be careful and purchase a copy of APPLETONS' RAILWAY GUIDE. Thousands and tens of thousands of Railway Travelers would as soon think of starting on their journey without their baggage as without a copy of the GUIDE. Price, 25 cents. D. APPLETON & Co., Publishers, New York.